MARK KNOPFLER ★ MARILLION ★ VENOM
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March 8–21 No 63 70p

KERRANG!

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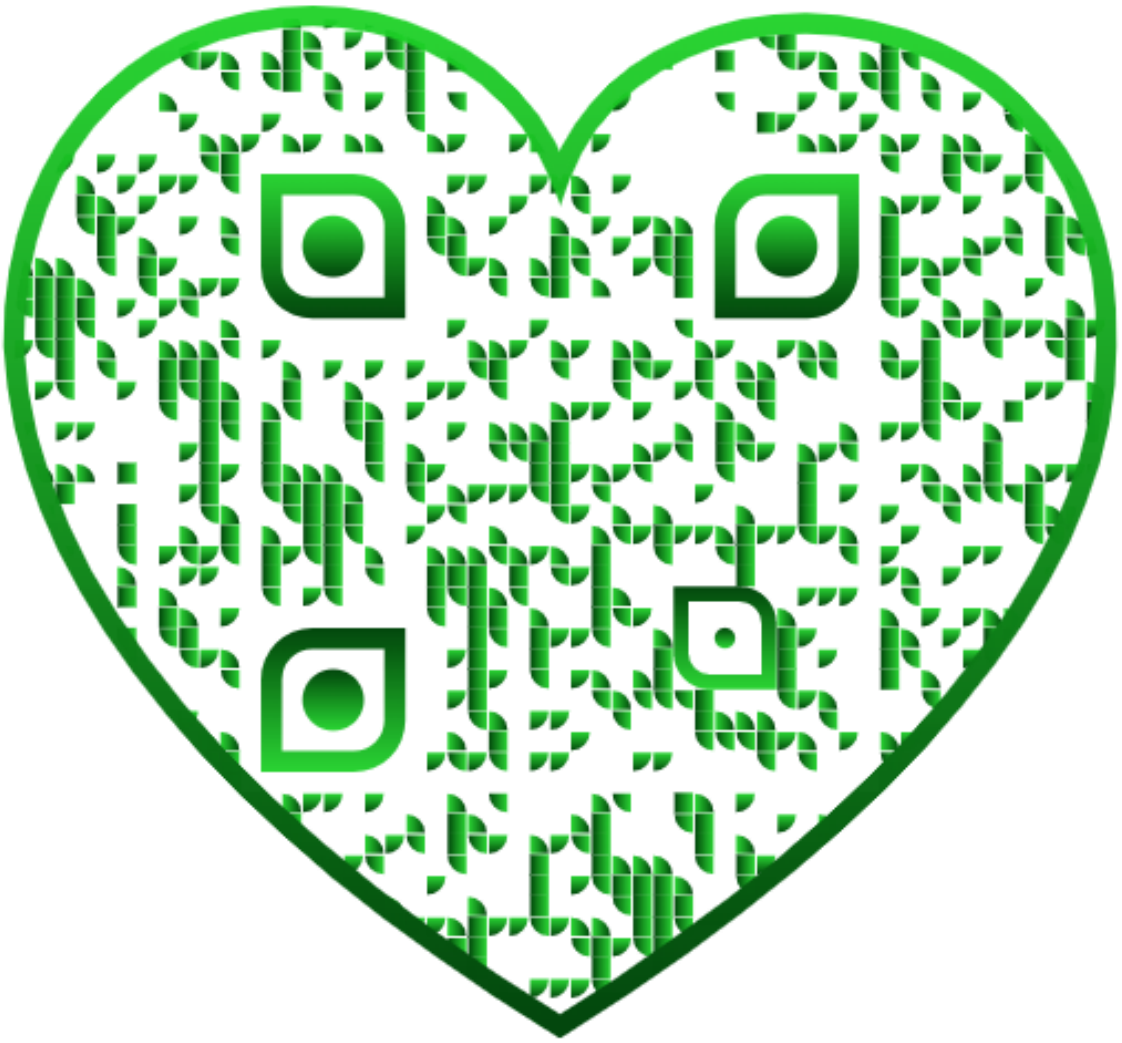

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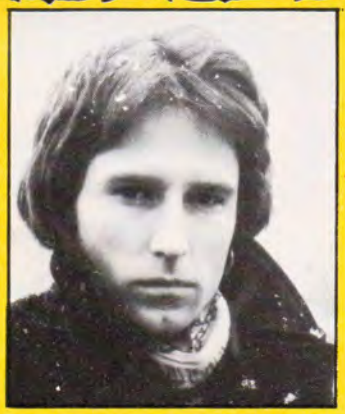
KERRANG!



WAITE-ING GAME

■ **JOHN WAITE** (pictured above), former keyboardsman/vocalist/guitarist with the now defunct **Babys**, has just finished work on his second solo album. Tentatively titled **'Euroshima'**, it's expected to be issued on the EMI label during April.

Aside from Waite (who plays bass as well as handling all keyboard/vocal chores), the featured musicians are **Gary Mylett** (guitars) and **Curly Smith** (drums). The LP was co-produced by Waite and **Dave Thoener** at Record Plant West Studio in Los Angeles. Early indications suggest that the music is very much in the **Cream/Free/Iron Maiden** vein, being melodic yet heavy.

The trio will begin touring in June and plan to play dates in the UK first.

■ *THE KERRANG!* grapevine has been rustling with news of potential upcoming tours. **Van Halen** now look a certainty for Donington, leaving previous rumoured bill-toppers **Rush's** 'no outdoor festivals' policy safely intact.

Meanwhile, both **Dio** and **Iron Maiden** are lining up September schedules, while November (it's not as far away as you might think!) looks likely to see **Y&T** in the UK promoting a new LP, currently being recorded in San Francisco under the aegis of producer **Rodney Mills**. **Billy Squier** dates and album are also due around this time.

■ **SLADE** HAVE signed an American record deal with Epic. Their first release under this new agreement will be **'The Amazing Kamikaze Syndrome'** album, due out later this month. The quartet will be supporting **Ozzy Osbourne** on the Canadian leg of his American tour during April and are expected to follow this with some US dates.

■ FORMER **BOSTON** guitarist **Barry Goodreau** issues his second solo album **'The Hunter'** on the Portrait label during April. The man has also formed a new band called **Orion** and is likely to play live shows to coincide with the LP's release.

■ **FLICKNIFE RECORDS** have just issued a four-track 12" EP of recently recorded **Hawkwind** material. The A-side contains **'Night Of The Hawks'**, with **Lemmy** on bass/vocals, whilst the flip features **'Green Finned Demon'**, **'Dream Dancers'** and **'Dragons & Fables'**.

There is also a seven inch version, with a different mix, of 'Night Of The Hawks' b/w 'Green Fingered Demon'.

■ **ANGEL WITCH**, one of the principal Black Metal bands of the late Seventies, have reformed. The trio features original members **Kevin Heybourne** (guitars/vocals) and **Dave Hogg** (drums), plus **Pete Gordelier** (bass), most recently with **Blind Fury**.

The band are to play a series of college/club gigs in Britain before undertaking a US tour, after which they plan to record an album.

A CUTT ABOVE THE REST

■ *LOS ANGELES quintet **Rough Cutt** (pictured above) visit England during April for a number of dates. Those so far confirmed are Newcastle Mayfair April 12 (Rough Cutt to be the middle group in a three band package; headliners will be **Samson**), London Marquee 13 (Rough Cutt to be bill-toppers; tickets £3), Manchester Jillys 14, Leeds Fforde Grene Hotel 15.*

*This will be the first UK visit for the band, who are managed by Wendy Dio. Rough Cutt comprise: **Paul Shortino** (vocals), **Amir Derkh** and **Chris Hager** (guitars), **Matt Thorr** (bass) and **David Alford** (drums).*

HEAVY ACTION

■ *HEAVY PETTIN (pictured above) have revised the dates for their forthcoming UK tour.*

*The full itinerary is: **Glasgow Mayfair March 12, Ayr Pavilion 13, Cleethorpes Winter Gardens 15, Leeds University 16, Newcastle Mayfair 17, Nottingham Rock City 19, Birmingham University 20, Sheffield University 21, London Brixton Ace 23, Manchester UMIST 24, Poole Arts Centre 25, London Marquee Club 27.***

*The band's new single, **'Love Times Love'**, will now be issued on March 9.*

Heavy Pettin's show at the Brixton Ace is the first to be announced by the venue under their new policy of promoting regular rock gigs.

*"We're offering a mid-sized hall (official capacity 1000) which can fill the void between the Marquee and the Hammersmith Odean," says manager **Mick Gray**. "There are a lot of groups around who can sell out the former but aren't capable of headlining at the latter."*

*The Ace is situated in **Town Hall Parade, Brixton Hill, London SW2**. The nearest railway station is Brixton, either on the Victoria line (underground) or British Rail.*

■ **VENOM** RELEASE their third album through Neat Records on March 16.

Titled **'At War With Satan'**, it was produced by the band in association with **Martin Smith** and **Keith Nichol** at Impulse Studios. The full track listing is:

Side one: **'At War With Satan'**.

Side two: **'Rip Ride'**, **'Genocide'**, **'Cry Wolf'**, **'Stand Up & Be Counted'**, **'Women, Leather & Hell, 'Aaaarghhhh'**.

■ ALTHOUGH IT'S yet to be confirmed, **Dio** are expected to record their second album at Denver's Caribou Ranch.

■ **YES MUSIC** are to stage a major outdoor festival at York Race Course in September. Altogether five bands will be featured and the headlining spot is expected to be filled by one of the "world's premier rock acts".

The festival will run from noon to 9 o'clock pm (approx) and anything up to 25,000 people can be catered for. Tickets will be priced at £9.50 and these will go on sale as soon as the main band is confirmed.

■ A NEW rock venue has opened in the Norfolk area. It's called **The Black & Gold Rock Club** and is based in the grounds of King's Lynn Football Club. Upcoming shows include **Wildfire** on March 31.

Any bands interested in playing a show at the venue should send a tape/photo/biography to: **PDB Promotions, 62 Turbus Rd., King's Lynn, Norfolk.**

■ **GOLDEN EARRING** have just released their latest album, **'N.E.W.S'**, on 21 Records in America.

Produced by **Shell Schellekens** at Kwoynens Pseudo Studios in Rijkevorsel (Belgium), it has the following track listing:

Side one: **'Clear Night Moonlight'**, **'When The Lady Smiles'** (their current US single), **'Enough Is Enough'**, **'Fist In Glove'**.

Side two: **'Mission Impossible'**, **'I'll Make It All Up To You'**, **'N.E.W.S.'**, **'It's Over Now'**.

As yet no British release has been scheduled.

■ CANADIAN-BASED band **Kick Axe** have their debut album, **'Vices'**, released on the Pasha label in late April. It's been produced by **Spencer Proffer**.

■ **METALLICA** ARE presently recording their second album, tentatively titled **'Ride The Lightning'**, at Sweet Silence Studios in Copenhagen.

This self-produced LP (which is to be mixed in London) is expected to be released on Music For Nations during May. Among the tracks set to appear are: **'Ride The Lightning'**, **'Fight Fire With Fire'**, **'For Whom The Bell Tolls'**, **'The Call Of Chtulu'** (apparently a sort of prehistoric bat!), **'Creeping Death'**, **'Fade To Black'** (a ballad) and **'Trapped Under Ice'**. There is likely to be a single issued just prior to the album, although no decision has been made as to which song will be chosen.

On the live front, Metallica follow up their forthcoming 11-date UK tour in the company of the **Rods** and **Exciter** with a 25-30 date headlining trek around Europe, playing 1-2,000 capacity venues. They then plan to play some UK shows on their own to coincide with the album's release, before finishing off this massive European stint with yet more continental dates and possibly some festival appearances.

■ **THE ENID** have signed a distribution deal with Pinnacle Records. The company will be making available all of the band's

LONE STARZ

■ *HELLCATS MEMBER* ***Richie Ranno*** *(above) issues a five-track mini-LP on March 15 through Violation Records in America. Titled* ***'Richie Ranno'****, it has the following track listing:* ***'Who'll Stop The Rain?'*** *(a cover of the* ***Creedence Clearwater Revival*** *number),* ***'Nobody'****,* ***'Jump in Your Face'****,* ***'I Am A Waitress'****,* ***'Hardcore'****.*

*Two of the cuts were recorded at the Record Plant Studio in New York and produced by Ranno/***Sam Ginsberg***. The remainder were done at Harkin Studios and produced solely by Ranno.*

Aside from Ranno himself (who is responsible for guitars/vocals), the other musicians featured are ***Joe Dube*** *(drums),* ***Brian Jones*** *(drums),* ***Brenden Harkin*** *(bass),* ***Peter Scance*** *(bass) and* ***Jan Muolaney*** *(synthesisers).*

In the meantime, the Hellcats are still very much together and plan to begin work on a new album in the not too distant future. This is likely to be followed by a US tour.

Ranno has also been approached with the idea of reforming ***Starz****. Commenting on this suggestion, the guitarist stated: "I wouldn't rule out the possibility, but I think, for the moment anyway, I'd prefer to concentrate on projects such as the Hellcats and this solo release.*

"Besides, even if we wanted to reform the original band it would now be impossible. Joe Dube fell through a window not so long ago, broke both his wrists and has been forced to give up playing, and we lost all contact with our original bassist ***Pete Swevel*** *sometime ago."*

back catalogue, including their long-deleted debut 'In The Region Of The Summer Stars'.

The Enid's latest opus, **'The Spell'**, is likely to be issued during the Summer.

ICE MAGIC

■ **MUSIC FOR NATIONS** have signed **Alaska**, featuring former **Whitesnake** guitarist **Bernie Marsden** (pictured above). The band will be issuing their debut single, **'Need Your Love'**, in mid-March and are to record a *Radio One* session on March 16 for transmission on *The Friday Rock Show*.

The label have also acquired Canadian act **Warrior**, who are expected to have product available in the near future, although no details are yet available on this project.

■ FORMER **GIRL** drummer **Dave Gaynor** and ex-**Tytan** guitarist/vocalist **Steve Gibbs** are currently putting together a new band. At present, no more details are available, though the outfit's music is expected to be in the melodic hard rock vein.

■ **VIRGIN** TOP the bill at **'The Yorkshire Rock Spectacular'**, to be held at **Leeds Bierkellar** on April 7. Other confirmed acts are **Roadster** plus poet **Ginger John**. A third band is expected to be added to the line-up.

There will also be a rock disco and the event will run from 7.30–11.30 pm. Ticket prices have yet to be fixed, however – they are likely to be pegged at under £2.

■ **AIRRACE**, THE quintet who have supported both **Def Leppard** and **Ted Nugent** on UK dates, have signed a deal with Atlantic Records.

The band, whose line-up is **Jason Bonham** (drums), **Laurie Mansworth** (guitar, previously with **Ophidian** and **More**), **Keith Murrell** (vocals), **Toby Sadler** (keyboards/bass) and **Jim Reid** (guitar), will begin work shortly on their first album. However, they've yet to select either a studio or a producer for this project.

■ **GREAT WHITE** are to issue **'Substitute'** (from their self-titled album) as a single on EMI America. However, no release date has yet been set.

■ **OZZY OSBOURNE** was hospitalised at the end of last month, following an incident involving a broken mirror that occurred during the shooting of a video for his **'So Tired'** single in London.

Upon his return to the States, the Oz was found to have splinters of glass in his throat, causing painful lacerations. At the time of going to press, Osbourne's condition was understood to be stable and his American tour due to resume in a couple of weeks.

Meanwhile, **Tommy Aldridge** has rejoined Ozzy's band, replacing **Carmine Appice**, who left for medical reasons.

MEDICAL REASONS?! "He made me sick," explained Osbourne.

■ LESS THEN two months after his arrival into the ranks of the band, following the departure of **John Wetton, Greg Lake** is no longer a member of **Asia**! The word from the Geffen Records office in Los Angeles is that the three remaining members of the band – **Steve Howe, Carl Palmer** and **Geoff Downes** – made the decision for Greg while considering their future musical direction.

However, when *Kerrang!* contacted Greg Lake in London he had this to say about the situation:

"The decision for me to join Asia was made very quickly. They had a live satellite broadcast scheduled for the MTV channel in America – which 20,000,000 people watched – and it was too late to cancel after John Wetton left. Had everybody in the band had more time to consider what they were doing I don't think I would have eventually joined-up. Basically, I made a mature decision not to be creatively involved."

Lake is presently working on another solo album which he plans to release this summer. Rumours are currently flying back and forth across the Atlantic over who will actually replace Lake in the band. *Kerrang!* will pass the word as soon as it hits the streets. Stay tuned, fight fans . . .

■ **CHRIS TSANGARIDES** is currently producing the new **Mama's Boys** album. Work began on March 1 at Battery Studios in London, however no release date has been finalised.

■ THE **SCORPIONS** are likely to have a live album released during late '84/early '85. They have been recording selected shows on their European tour with this end in mind.

■ **NIGHTWING** HAVE just issued their latest album on the Gull label. Titled **'Night Of Mystery'**, it was recorded at Strawberry Studios in Stockport.

The full track listing is:

Side one: **'Back On The Streets'**, **'Singers In The 'Fire'**, **'Night Of Mystery'** (likely to be released as a single), **'Give Me The Love That I Want'**, **'Cell 151'** (a cover version of the **Steve Hackett** number).

Side two: **'The Devil Walks Behind You'**, **'Living Behind The 8 Ball'**, **'Men Of War'**, **'My Kingdom Come'**.

The album was produced by bassist **Gordon Rowley**, with the exception of 'Night Of Mystery', co-produced by Rowley and Steve Hackett, who also contributed guitar parts to the song. The LP features the last recorded work done with Nightwing by vocalist **Max Bacon**, now a member of **Bronz**.

All tracks were written by Nightwing members, aside from 'Cell 151' and 'Singers In The Fire', the latter being co-written by guitarist **Alec Johnson** and **Uriah Heep** vocalist **Pete Goalby**. The sleeve has been designed by **Roger Dean**.

TOUR DATES

WHITESNAKE *have added some April dates to their UK itinerary: London Hammersmith Odeon 1 (and possibly 2, to be confirmed), Nottingham Royal Centre 4, Manchester Apollo 5.*

Tickets are priced at £5.50 for Nottingam/Manchester and £6/£5 for London.

These Whitesnake gigs occur directly after their European tour, during which the band will be supported by ***Headpins****, the Canadian act whose acclaimed album 'Line Of Fire' finally gains official UK release on March 15. Headpins will return with the Snake to the UK to support on these new shows. In addition, the Hammersmith Odeon gig(s) will feature LA band* ***Black 'N' Blue*** *– making it three groups in all! B 'N' B are signed to Geffen and are about to begin recording their new LP with* ***Scorpions*** *producer* ***Dieter Dierks****.*

SPIDER *have added a show at Bristol Colston Hall on March 26 to their tour itinerary.*

PALLAS *play a six-date headlining tour during March: Aberdeen Capitol Theatre 24, Glasgow Pavilion 25, Birmingham Odeon 26, London Hammersmith Odeon 27, Hanley Victoria Halls 29, Manchester Apollo 30.*

Tickets are on sale now priced £3.50/£5.

The band will have a new single out on the Harvest label to coincide with the tour. Available in both seven and 12" formats, the former will feature ***'Shock Treatment'*** *(from 'The Sentinel' album) on the A-side with the previously unreleased* ***'March On Atlantis'*** *on the flip, whilst the latter has an extra track in* ***'Heart Attack'****, again never before issued. There will be a limited edition of the seven incher in a poster bag.*

GRIM REAPER *have shows lined up at Birkhamstead Civic Theatre March 10, Scarborough Victoria 17, Leicester Princess Charlotte 19, Gwent Cross Keys 31.*

PENDRAGON *will be supporting* ***Marillion*** *at London Hammersmith Odeon on March 10. The band now features keyboardsman* ***Ric Carter*** *who recently replaced* ***John Barnfield****. They also headline a show at London Marque Club on March 19.*

DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS *go back on the road during March with the following confirmed gigs: Stoke-On-Trent Jollees Club 8, Cannock Moonraker 9, Gwent Cross Keys 10, London Marque Club 12, Guildford Royal 16, Watford Verulam Heads 29, Bristol Granary 31.*

TWELFTH NIGHT *play a show at Glamorgan Polytechnic on March 9.*

IQ *appear at Bristol Granary on March 10, Aberdeen University 16, Inverness Rock Club 17, Hamilton Park Lane 19.*

MANOWAR *have cancelled their show at Swansea Bragwyn Hall on March 11 'due to difficulties with the local council'. The band will now play at Leeds Tiffany's on that day.*

SNOWY WHITE *has re-scheduled his forthcoming UK tour. The new dates are: Stafford College March 23, Leeds University 24, Dunstable Queensway Hall 25, London Dominion Theatre 27, Bournemouth Winter Gardens 28.*

THE **RAINBOW** situation looks a shade dodgy at present . . . the band could soon be placed "on ice" according to an informed source . . .

So, with **Ritchie Blackmore** potentially finding himself at a loose end, **Ian Gillan** looking a mite restless in the **Sabbath** camp – word has it that the moustaches are on the lookout not only for a new singer to replace The Flab but also a new drummer – and with the Sabs bombing out in the States (you can only fool all of the people SOME of the time, as the saying goes!) watch out for the million-and-first-Deep-Purple-to-reform-shock!! rumour. Can you possibly wait??

Meanwhile, **Geezer Butler** may well have been the recipient of some tempting offers from former comrade in arms, **Ozzy Osbourne**, what with **Bob Daisley** having fallen from favour (again) and the great (cough) **Costa** currently seeking fame and a reliable pension scheme with his own outfit, **M-80**. Seems somebody told Ozzy that Geezer was a bass player, too. So THAT'S what he was doing all those years with the Sabs!! No reply yet from GB, though.

Ozzy Osbourne band guitarist, **Jake E. Lee**, and **Mötley Crüe** bassist, **Nikki Sixx**, recently ran into trouble in the French Quarter of New Orleans. While minding their own business (bear-baiting the natives), the two unfortunate long-hairs were set upon by a bunch of red-necks who happened to be passing and felt the need to defend the youth of America against such outrageous personages.

After a gratuitous stomping, the two struggled back to their hotel amidst pools of blood and stuff, Nikki having suffered a cut hand and Jake a severe gut-pummelling. The rest of Mötley Crüe, so upset at this senseless display of physical violence against one of their number, then proceeded to beat themselves up in sympathy! Ozzy was not told of the incident for fear he'd want to go out and bite the bastards heads off!! Having kissed and made up, the Crüe now plan to shoot a video for 'Shout At The Devil'. Good, eh?

Pic Peter Cronin/Redfern

THOR (left) gets to grips with Kerrang! Ad. Manager and occasional 'Real Man', Dave Oberlé.

Meat Loaf is in the process of negotiating a recording contract with *Arista* . . . You know that ancient rock 'n' roll maxim: 'Old rock stars don't die, they just sign to *Arista*!!'

Ace Frehley, you may recall, has an ultra-wonderful recording studio, *The Ace In The Hole*, beneath his house, just outside the Big Apple. However, the always-on-the-ball Ace had the studio built in a strictly NON-COMMERCIAL zone so cannot hire out its services! We just hope he's got a smart tax-accountant!

Everyone likes a good drink or six, and why not? Far be it from us to suggest that cub-reporter **Xavier Russell** spent more time swigging and ligging than gigging and reviewing at the recent **Aardschok Festival**, but his report to 'VFTB' was actually LONGER than his review of the gig!! Anyway, he seems to have whooped it up with the likes of **Savage** and **Metallica** and had the great pleasure of seeing the former's **Wayne Renshaw** throwing up copiously in the khazi (what was Russell doing in the khazi with Renshaw, anyway?) after taking to a crash-diet on the advice of **Dr Malcolm Doom** and thus being in a much weakened state.

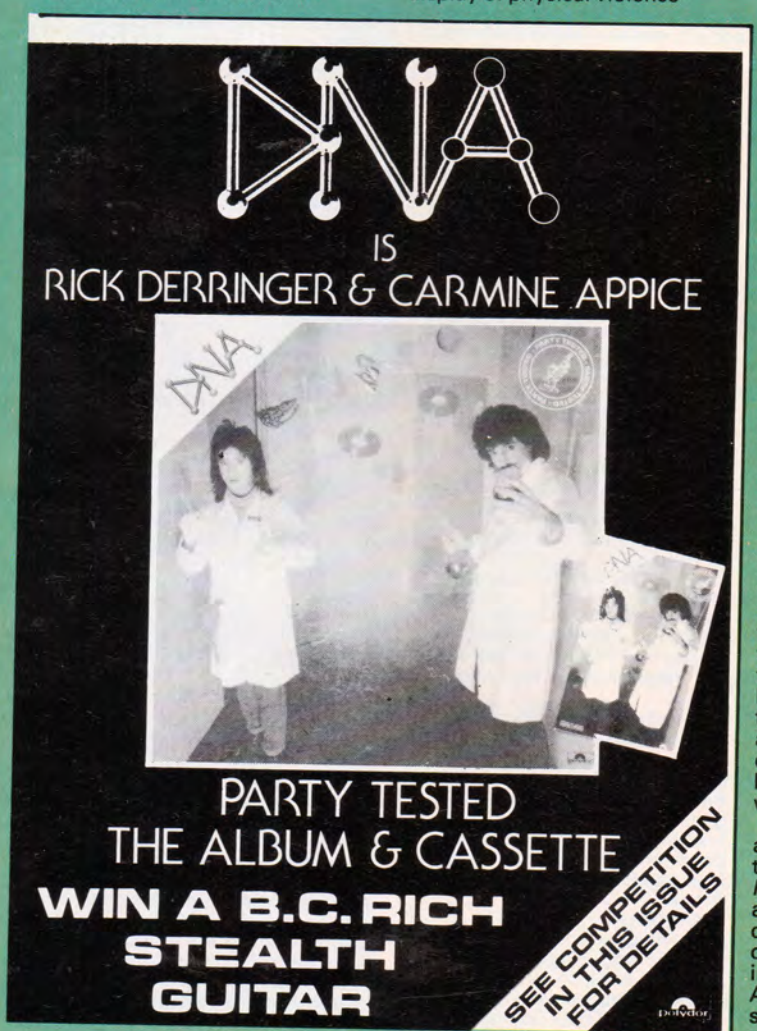
Venom also showed their faces and swallowed a few flies back at the hotel where the landlord, *Kerrang!* snapsman **Pete Cronin** and scribe **Darren Crook** collapsed in abandon. Russell, doing his now renowned impression of a Lower-Amazonian newt, managed to stay on his feet long enough to get a hangover before retiring to the land of Nod.

Back home at last, Russell hitched up with fellow *Kerrang!* Brahms & Liszt merchants, Messrs **Bonutto**, Doom and **'Krusher' Joule**, as they were dragged around London on a sightseeing tour alongside fun 'n' frolic-loving **Manowar**, all under the trusty leadership of tour manager **Paul Clark**.

They stopped off at Buckingham Palace having heard that Princess Di was a closet 'eadbanger; she wasn't in, but they left some complimentary front-row tickets to their Hammy Odeon show. Next stop was Downing Street for tea with Mrs Thatcher, but she'd done a bunk, perhaps fearing she wouldn't do too well in the 'Real Metal' stakes.

Undeterred, our heroes then went to seek out the 'Iron Lady' at the Houses Of Parliament but were refused entry on grounds that they weren't wearing ties. "Yes, sir, loin-cloths are quite permissible but NOT without a tie to go with them!!" The troupe was then carted off to the London Dungeon but no-one had enough money to get in, so they attempted a mass gastric kamikaze effort by stooping (correct spelling) to eat at *McDonalds*. Fortunately, everyone got out alive, but it was touch and go for a while there, folks!!

That other great destroyer of False Metal, **Thor**, brought his might to bear in the *Kerrang!* office t'other day when he decided to show our Ad. Manager, **Dave Oberlé**, the correct method of banging your head! The large one, deeming a mere WALL insufficient, proceeded to thrust the Oberlé bonce against the CEILING!! 'Dapper' Dave, pictured here on the descending end of his ordeal, was actually just on his way out for a tasty, romantic dinner-for-two at *McDonalds*, but Thor, good guy that he is, stepped in and saved him from this fate worse than death. Slowly but surely Dave is regaining his memory, and thanks very much for all the flowers . . .



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GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

DAVE DICKSON delves beneath the chronically shy exterior of DIRE STRAITS alchemist MARK KNOPFLER.

THIS MORNING Mark Knopfler is looking every day of his 34 years, and then some. He shuffles up to the recreation lounge table and pulls back a chair. He collapses into it like an unruly laundry sack. The lines are deep and heavy beneath his eyes as he sighs and drags his fingers down his cheeks. His hair is tousled and thinning, his teeth yellow and rotting.

Air Studios is one of the more luxurious recording establishments the country has to offer and, being situated smack in the middle of London's Oxford Street, it has the added advantage of convenience.

Knopfler has brought his Stratocaster to work on the soundtrack for producer David Puttnam's latest film, called *Cal* and directed by Pat O'Connor. The story is centred on a boy living in Northern Ireland and Knopfler is acting as both musical director and composer.

The strain, perhaps, is beginning to tell. In 1981 Knopfler took a six month break from work, since when it's been pretty much all go.

He leans across the table extending a hand and I apologise for not being from *Penthouse*.

Knopfler is on the interview conveyor belt; yesterday it was the girl from *Ritz* and *next week* it's *Penthouse*. You get the impression that, really, he'd rather not be giving interviews at all, but that someone told him it was one of those odious tasks that *had* to be endured. Given the chance, I reckon he'd much prefer to just pick up his guitar and play – indeed, the overriding impression is one of a man who is only ever completely *whole* when holding a guitar and making its strings cry and sing.

"Shall we get on?" he suggests, rising from the table, picking up his tea cup and saucer and shuffling, once again, to the far corner of the room to rendezvous with an easy chair and a coffee table, shoulders hunched and clutching a pack of Silk Cut. I follow, dutifully and not a little apprehensively.

Knopfler is a chronically shy man given to long deliberation before answering any point cast his way. The pauses between questions asked and answers given are, at times, so painful you might think, 'Oh Christ, I've really offended him!' or 'That question was so stupid he's not even going to deign to answer it!'

In fact, for an interviewer, Knopfler presents an intriguing double-edged sword; the silences are awful but the speech is all the more carefully considered for those silences. His answers are thoughtful and intelligent and delivered with the slightest tinge of Geordie, a relic of his youth.

Occasionally Knopfler smiles, allows himself the indulgence of a chuckle, sometimes at a private joke. Yet he is a warm character whose distancing is merely a means of protection. His private life *is* private; he never appears in the gossip columns and seldom gives interviews.

His schedule is so hectic that such dalliances are rarely possible: "I'm too bloody busy," he explains, almost apologetically. "I'm just getting on with things." Knopfler likes his music to do the talking for him . . . but things don't happen like that any more.

AT THE end of the 70's two debut albums were released on either side of the Atlantic that were to establish their protagonists as MAJOR guitar heroes whose styles would, rightly, be fêted as novel and totally outstanding.

They would also exist at almost opposite ends of the rock 'n' roll spectrum.

In the red corner we were offered Eddie Van Halen who, with a blur of speed and fury coupled with considerable dexterity, stamped a new – and now much imitated – style over the performance of heavy rock. Eddie Van Halen sped (literally) to the head of the polls as the most popular and exciting wielder of the guitar.

In the blue corner we had the altogether more restrained and lyrical – though no less dextrous – fluidity of Mark Knopfler, the creator of THAT sound, a sound and style so unique it instantly became a trademark as surely as if he had patented it.

THAT sound suddenly seemed everywhere – how had we survived so long without it?

And with THAT sound came its communiqué, the breathtaking 'Sultans Of Swing'.

I remember it particularly because at the time of its release (May 1978) I was bunking off school and helping out in a record shop where the manager had fallen in love with Dire Straits' debut single. Every other record played was 'Sultans Of Swing' and we never tired of it, it was nothing less than a masterpiece.

And yet Knopfler remains quietly self-effacing about his staggering artistic achievement and success.

"It's just come from a bit of application, really. A little bit of talent, but mostly the application of it."

That's akin to saying the Beatles wrote some nice tunes, but typical of the man. Is he surprised by how far his band has come?

"Not really, it seems pretty logical. When you talk about 'how far you've come' and 'success' and stuff, it's always more apparent to people on the

continues page nine

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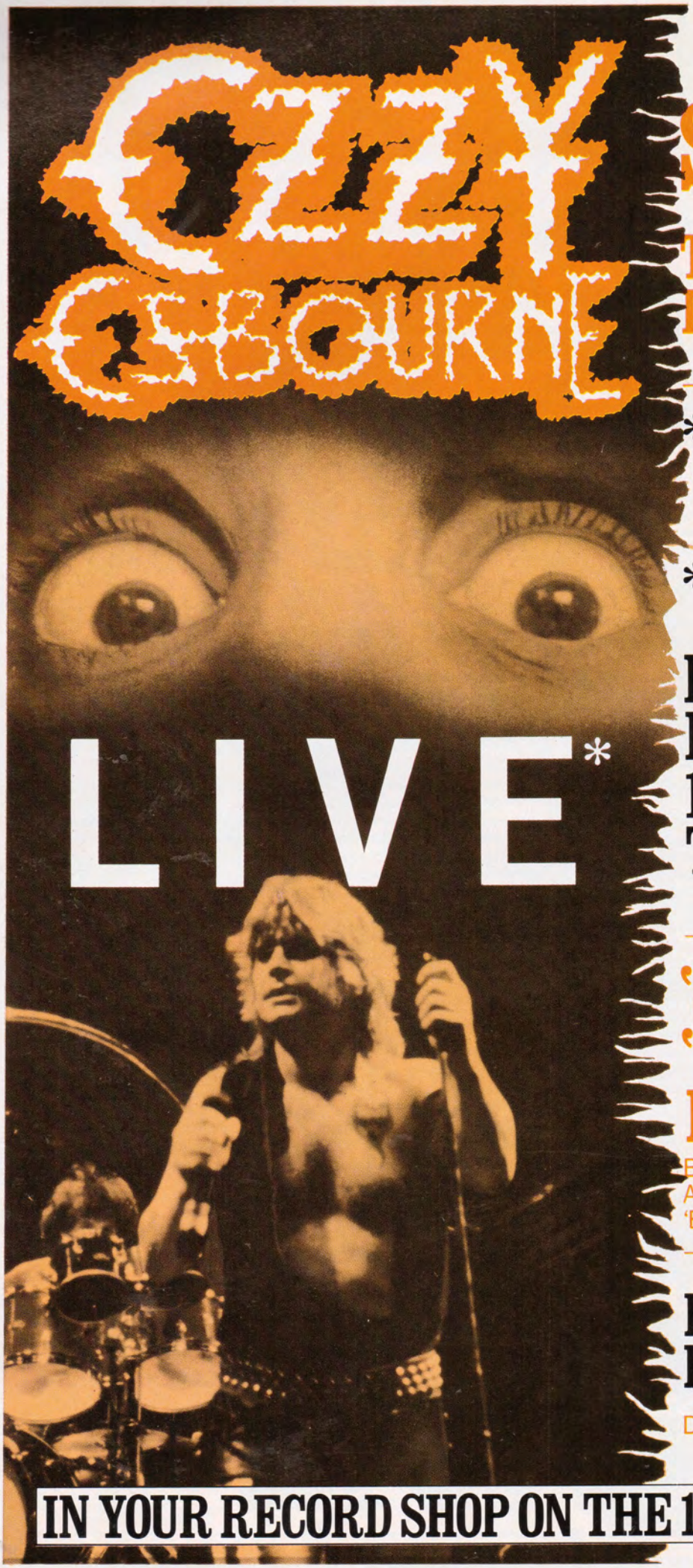

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from page seven

outside of it. When you're actually involved in it, to me anyway, you're so busy doing it that you really haven't got the time to look at it from an audience's point of view."

But if Knopfler could have sat down at the beginning of his career and mapped it all out, hasn't it gone pretty much to order?

"Yea-ah, it has . . ." He pauses as if something unpleasant has appeared at the bottom of his tea-cup. "It's just that when you say 'career', I don't think in terms of *career*. *Career* is something you hear the red-hot sploddies talking about of whoever, a flock of tossers . . ."

He stops again as it dawns upon him he has just labelled his interviewer a *tosser*.

"Sorry, I mean, strike that, please, please . . ."

Knopfler is embarrassingly anxious not to offend anyone. This is not political diplomacy, just that he's one of the good guys who may have just put his foot in it. I laugh because at that moment Knopfler is intensely vulnerable and, considering how worried *I* have felt, inadvertently amusing. He smiles too, coughs up a nervous chuckle, and the tension is broken.

"I don't mean to put anybody down at all, but when you hear that word *career* you think of somebody else saying it, maybe someone in a record company who's thinking about promotion or something. I don't see myself considering what I do as a *career*."

Music, then, is perhaps more of a well-paid vocation.

"Ha! It's a *love-affair*, that's all it is."

And the words fall from his lips with such warmth and tenderness he might just as easily have been talking about his wife.

"It started when I was a kid and I still feel the same way about it, essentially. I'm just excited by music, that's all it is."

THAT LOVE affair has brought him fame and fortune, leaving in its wake four Dire Straits albums – 'Dire Straits', 'Communiqué', 'Making Movies' and 'Love Over Gold' – and a solo album of the *Local Hero* (David Puttnam's last movie) soundtrack.

And as a chapter-closer to this particular episode of the continuing love-affair ("I think things should always change"), Dire Straits this month release a live album, 'Alchemy', culled from their last tour. And whose idea was that?

"God, I don't know. I don't know how it came about, I just asked for some of the shows to be recorded and filmed because it just marks a certain stage of the band, and that'll be that – now it'll be something different."

But just *how* live is this live album?

"100 per cent. It's completely live, no re-recordings or overdubs of *any* kind . . . which probably makes it unique in terms of a live album.

"I don't like live albums by and large because they're all re-done in the studio. The singers want to sing everything again, the guitarists want to play everything again . . . they start with the audience and then work from the bass and drums up! 'So And So Live!' – it's a load of old cods!"

'Alchemy' (dictionary definition: 'Medieval chemistry, esp. pursuit of the transmutation of baser metals into gold' – GEDDIT?) will not make him a popular figure amongst his fellow *artistes*.

This is as close to a bootleg as you will ever hear *officially* released by a record company. The album exactly represents the Dire Straits stage show as a truly magical performance. It abounds in atmosphere and retains the immediacy and presence that collectors are usually forced to seek on bootlegs.

Most 'live' albums keep only the crowd noises and the bass drum from the original recordings, the rest is added afterwards in the secure surroundings of the studio. Now Dire Straits have blown the lid off all that. All the cock-ups are left to be heard and enjoyed . . . in essence, a precedent has been set.

Basically, Dire Straits are an album band, but touring ("Love it!") has always been an important factor, too. In the beginning they toured with the most unlikely people, from Talking Heads to Styx . . .

"Well, Styx only lasted for three days. It was on a tour called 'Styx Hit Europe!' and Styx hit Europe for three days or something and split! Ha!"

ON COMPLETION of the *Cal* soundtrack, Knopfler plans to add his weight to the soundtrack of Bill *(Gregory's Girl, Local Hero)* Forsythe's new film, *Comfort And Joy*, produce the Aztec Camera album, write and record the next Dire Straits LP, and then take it on tour – and all before the end of the year!

But first: "I've gotta have a holiday, really, I haven't had one for ages!"

Is he a workaholic?

"Nah . . . no, I think I'm really lazy!"

Having just redefined the term 'lazy', Knopfler tries to enforce his argument by claiming: "When I'm at home I can just watch TV – and get accused of being *really lazy*!"

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BON JOVI
'Bon Jovi'
(Mercury 814 982-1 M-1)

SO FAR the focus on new US HR has centred largely on LA, always the most self-centred and self-publicising of US cities anyway, but the rest of the nation isn't exactly sleeping. Class breeds too in San Francisco (Night Ranger) and Seattle (Queensrÿche and Rail), and now New York has made a powerplay with this magnificent debut from Bon Jovi.

Jon Bon Jovi has assembled a band of classic finesse and brutal strength, most notably a shattering guitarist in Richie Sambora who's surely destined to be one of *the* Heroes of the modern age. The material is dramatic and energetic, and blessed with a commerciality that should ensure plentiful sales and success.

Bon Jovi *do* have a keyboards player in David Rushbaum (he played with Jon in clubs before the two were legally old enough to enter such places), but he's largely there for colour as opposed to leads, the emphasis falling on biting guitar firepower rather in the Aldo Nova vein, with the results significantly more stimulating than the sadly lacklustre 'Subject'. Nova actually appears on the album and, although his specific contributions aren't credited, I'd be less than surprised – and probably painfully smug – if it's him playing synth on the album's top track, 'Breakout'.

It's pretty difficult to nominate the winning track, in fact, as the standard is remarkably high throughout, but 'Breakout' just edges it, storming along on Alec John Such's booming bass line with drummer Tico Torres (ex-Franke And The Knockouts) piling on the power behind, and Richie Sambora blasting out a crazed guitar break that should shred less hardy hifi speakers to tatters – you have been warned!

My notes next to each track keep on harping back to the magnificence of the guitar work, but there's little point in making lists so it's on with the show. Imagine Night Ranger playing LA Metal, or Journey getting really *vicious*, and you'll have some idea of how powerful this record is. I have certain doubts about the HR boogie of the closing cut, 'Get Ready', which rather amounts to marking time, but this one slight blemish hardly matters against such killers as the racing 'Come Back' or the pounding energy of 'Shot Through The Heart'. Jon Bon Jovi's vocals make their mark well, his stylised pout (a ladies' man, I'll be bound) never detracting from the verve of his delivery.

Truly an excellent package, and one already in the running for album of the year.

PAUL SUTER

DAVID GILMOUR
'About Face'
(Harvest SHSP 2400791)

WITH A sizeable question mark now hanging over the future of Pink Floyd, guitarist David Gilmour has stepped into the breach with a collection of his own songs which may go some way towards plugging the gap caused by the absence of any activity from his (former?) group.

Whereas Gilmour's one previous solo excursion, 'David Gilmour' (1978), was something of a minor divertissement, a chance for the guitarist to stretch his legs a bit between the more weighty works of the Floyd, 'About Face' is much more of a contender album – accessible, varied and with more than a passing reference to the styles and preoccupations of Pink Floyd itself.

There is no doubt that Gilmour, actually quite a cheerful chap, shares much of Roger Waters' pessimism for the world around him. One recurring theme is the imminent destruction of mankind: *"I cannot believe nor even pretend/ That the thunder I hear/Will all disappear/And the nightmare will end"*, is a sentiment expressed in 'Out Of The Blue'. But, while Waters tends to use a bombastic lyrical approach, Gilmour seeks out his targets with greater stealth.

'Cruise' is a chillingly macabre piece presented as a gentle love song to the god-like 'benevolent' protector that we now have on our shores. *"Cruise you are making me sing/Now you have taken me under your wing/Saving our children, saving our land/Protecting us from things we can't understand/Power and Glory and Justice for all/Who will we turn to when your hard rain falls?"*

Gilmour's personal muse is no more cheerful. 'All Lovers Are Deranged' speaks for itself, while 'Near The End' is surely one of the most depressing songs imaginable with which to close an album. A dirge-like acoustic guitar picks out a melody that would make a funeral march sound like 'Knees Up Mother Brown', while Gilmour reflects that we're all *"Thinking that we're getting older and wiser/When we're just getting old"*.

However, it's not all doom and despair and, musically, there are one or two surprises. 'Blue Light', the single, is a brash disco-ish song replete with brass and multi-percussion – a sort of Level 42 mix without the frantic bass. 'Until We Sleep' and 'All Lovers Are Deranged', meanwhile, are both up-tempo outings where the band, built around the nucleus of Toto's Jeff Porcaro (drums), Paul Young's Royal Family bassist Pino Palladino and keyboardist Ian Kewley, rock out with distinction. Other guest artists include Stevie Winwood and Whitesnake's Jon Lord.

And Gilmour himself plays a lot more guitar than usual. There are solos in most of the songs, and one or two moments of singular excitement. The fade of 'Murder', for example, features a startling barrage of tremelo-flattened notes and bends set to a pumping bass rhythm, redolent of the Floyd classic 'One Of These Days' from 'Meddle'. Likewise, the fade of 'All Lovers Are Deranged' features a lively solo that finishes with a plummeting dive-bomb crunch of guitar noise.

Unfortunately, though, there are other passages of less interest. Much of 'You Know I'm Right' is bland singer/songwriter fare, whilst the boringly-titled 'Instrumental' is all strings, piano and ponderous crashes of symphonic noise.

Many of the tracks allude to the Floyd sound. 'Murder', 'Out Of The Blue' and 'Near The End' all bear echoes of the mother group, and I imagine that fans of Floyd's impenetrable mystique will find plenty to interest them here. Not recommended for headbanging though.

DAVID SINCLAIR

DNA
'Party Tested'
(Polydor POLD 5129)

LOVE IT. The D'n'A in question are two old troopers who should know better by now, guitarist Rick Derringer and drummer Carmine Appice, playing together with a youthful twinkle in their eyes and new zest in their hearts. And party tested is just what this album is –

every track a get-up-and-dance toe-tapper.

Carmine Appice, of course, has turned his hand to a variety of work throughout his long career. Starting out with Vanilla Fudge, perhaps *the* heaviest Sixties band, he has done stints with, among others, Cactus, Jeff Beck (Beck, Bogert and Appice), Rod Stewart and, in more recent times, the Ozzy Osbourne band. Rick Derringer, apart from his eight or so solo albums, has played in both Johnny and Edgar Winter's bands and is featured on albums by Steely Dan and Todd Rundgren.

Joined here by keyboard player Duane Hitchings and bassist Jimmy Johnson, Derringer and Appice build their songs from the bottom up, starting with the rhythmic building blocks provided by Appice's fearsome backbeat. The inclusion of a version of Gary Glitter's all-time party stomp 'Rock & Roll, Part II' is significant. The melody, albeit a memorable one, is of secondary importance to the pounding jungle rhythm and tribal chants that dominate the song. But, whereas Glitter used two drummers to emphasise the primitive pulse, here Appice alone wipes the floor with the original version. His tom-tom sound is monstrous, and well forward in the mix, to put it mildly.

The rhythm and chant motif is further explored on the rather directionless 'The Song That Wrote Itself' (bit of a giveaway title, lads) and 'What About?'. The latter track features the most upfront guitar on the album, revealing the fluency and power which Derringer has at his command. His policy as a guitarist, though, is generally one of tasteful restraint, and the absence of swashbuckling power chords and cranked guitar solos gives the album a clear, uncluttered feel. It also sounds very modern.

But don't be deceived – the power is all there. 'Intellectual Freedom For The Masses' is an irresistible tug-at-your-elbow number that boots along from section to section with a surge of force. The power is not in the weight of the guitar sound (though on this track it *is* pretty meaty) so much as in the dynamic tension of the riff and rhythm. Similarly, the title track and 'The Recipe For Life' are both excellent songs that rock along with imaginative percussion drops, bubbling sounds of alchemy and attractive guitar fills throughout.

'Doctors Of The Universe', the single, features the most prominent keyboards and, despite the urgent, clipped, chugging rhythm, it suffers from a rather poppy chorus. Still, it's fun and resounds to the line *". . . at DNA we like our work".*

And enjoy their work they obviously do. The album exudes an aura of exuberant creativity, displaying an avoidance of noise for its own sake and a pride in execution rather than an eye on the bank balance as is so often the case with these old star link-ups.

DAVID SINCLAIR

RAMPAGE
'Rampage'
(Fastlane FL42685)

ENIGMA TIME – is this an independent release or not? The lack of any mention of major label distribution suggests so, but that catalogue number looks sufficiently like a US Columbia one for me to wonder under what terms I'm supposed to judge the thing. If it's really independent, then it's a stunning achievement, and if it's not, then it's still at least very good indeed . . .

Rampage is a four-piece outfit, guitarist/vocalist/writer John Ehler having teamed up with Tim Biesemeyer on keyboards, Brian Eads on drums and Sam Lee on bass. They're a celebratory HR band, this record exhibiting strong parallels with that first, classic Night Ranger album. The classic song count doesn't reach 'Dawn Patrol' level, in fact there's a couple of real clunkers on hand, but nevertheless this is a very exciting debut. The band is based on a colourful, exuberant rush of energy, pinpointing and enhancing Ehler's obvious ear for a good melody.

The peak is reached with 'Find A Way', punching, dynamic rock with a fiery guitar flow. Ehler's vocals are strong and heartfelt, the whole song coming together on a magnificent, soaring hook, all the while supported by Lee's powerful, strident bass. 'She Does' echoes Night Ranger with its bubbling synth and soaring excitement, while 'Hold On To Your Woman' (apart from its vile hook line) and 'Power And Glory' mirror its colourful energy, the latter featuring a notably attractive synth line deftly placed in the mix.

In places, the keyboards prove something of a liability though, with Biesemeyer relying far too much on the dated swirl of a *Hammond* organ; the synth is an instrument of excitement – when used wisely, at least – but the *Hammond* (assuming it is a *Hammond*, and not just a ludicrous synth setting) does nothing here except fill in a few gaps in a very dated way. Never mind; with a tight, brisk rhythm section like this and John Ehler's ballsy, exciting guitar playing it's not too much of a problem if the keyboards are only half way there.

PAUL SUTER

QUEEN
'The Works'
(EMI EMC 2400141)

PREDICTABLE . . . oh, you're so-ooo predictable . . . and that's a solid-gold-easy-action *drag*!

There was a time, way, way back in my misspent youth, when listening to the new album from Queen meant taking the afternoon off from school and taking the dirty dog-and-bone off the hook . . . you know, cancel *everything* . . . because you really needed to take a big plate with you when it came time to devour plastic pancakes as thick and delicious as 'Night At The Opera' or 'Sheer Heart Attack'.

More seductive than a Bo Derek stroke-mag, more beautiful than a Tequila sunset, more scientifically remote and technically arithmetical than a Concorde nose-job, more reliable than the Book Of Changes, and more potent and fetishistic than Merlin's underpants, Queen released some ridiculously *awesome* albums one after another which established a heavy reputation it would be insane to discard on the whiff of a whim . . . I mean, you really had to look twice, and when you did you ended up throwing armchairs out the bedroom window just to make room for merry beasts-of-burden like 'Killer Queen', 'In Love With My Car' and '89ers' . . . I mean, these were serious concerns . . . gate-fold sleeves that hinted at itchykoo occultism and smelt of illicitly tainted eroticism, feigned beef-cake heterosexuality and gold-plated razor blades.

The whole Queen operation was dead cool, dead casual, a dead cert for X-rated teen dreams on giant 26" polychromatic screens.

continues over

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ALBUMS

from previous page

Yeah . . . it was like Moses coming down from the mountain with a Flying 'V' strapped to his knee and a Salvador Dali moustache painted in black felt pen across his mush . . . yep, kid, it was mighty real!

Was not *is*, get the drift. It all happened a long, long time ago in a distant galaxy . . . and . . . and . . . what a NAFF sleeve 'The Works' has got, what a nothing title for God's sake, what thin hair the songs have, what a brilliant single Roger Taylor wrote for the band, what the rubber duck is going on?

Only this morning somebody told me that Queen had been invited to do *Top Of The Pops* live for 'Radio Ga Ga' but declined the offer. Not for any good reason anybody could think of, they just didn't fancy it, couldn't be bothered. My informant could be lying of course but, after falling asleep halfway through Side Two of 'The Works', I'm inclined to take his word for it. It makes perfect sense.

We're not speaking specifically of any cynical, sinister commercial manipulation of their die-hard buying public, such an issue ceases to matter when it comes to singles/albums as sweetly contrived and beautifully bombastic as 'Bohemian Rhapsody'/'Sheer Heart Attack', we're talking sheer *boredom* . . . de-dum de-dum.

Mercury had a black-laced hand in four of the nine tracks and the best two of the measly four are 'It's A Hard Life', which is no more no less than a short-sighted, impoverished distant cousin of 'Play The Game', and 'Man On The Prowl', which sounds like 'This Old House' by Shakin' Stevens but wishes it was a fully-fledged blood-brother to 'Crazy Little Thing Called Love'.

Brian May coughs up 'We Will Rock You' part 101 in the shape of the only r-r-rock song worth playing twice on the whole album, 'Tear It Up'. And Roger Taylor, bless his Billy Cotton's, wrote the single, which is brilliant as everybody in class will agree.

I don't think Queen are very bothered anymore. Frankly, neither am I.

MICK WALL

MARILLION
'Fugazi'
(EMI EMC 2400 851)

THE ONION is a very strange vegetable. It sits, firm, round and confident. Then, as you strip away the layers of skin to reveal the white flesh beneath, it squirts you in the eye and brings forth tears. 'Fugazi' is an onion that must be manfully stripped bare, however painful the process. For there, in the sting of its lyrical layers, lies the substance of what history will eventually teach us is the most significant album of the present epoch. 'Fugazi' will be Marillion's 'Dark Side Of The Moon'.

Part of this growing conviction is based on my own hostility and dislike for the songs and the performances on first hearing. The Great Fish bombards us with fine words and fair phrases. He rants with the demagoguery of a latter day saint. The captive listener cries out for respite . . . but patience is rewarded. The songs take shape, the clarity of the band's pristine performance impresses.

Marillion are always urging and giving spiritual uplift. A melodic guitar snatch here, as on 'Jigsaw', or a wall of keyboards there, as on 'Punch & Judy'. This is a labour of love in which creative writing and sympathetic instrumental accompaniment have been married with a skill not detected in rock for years. The music bubbles and seethes, from fanfare blasts to musical-box tinkling.

But this is essentially a Fishscape, a platform from which the singer can croon, snarl, clench his teeth, mumble, bellow, splutter and bawl. On 'Emerald Lies' he merges the paths once trod by Peter Gabriel and Alex Harvey. But there is no denying his own conviction and sense of purpose and his voice is a superbly controlled instrument. He acts out his roles, gradually disarming even the most resistant with a patient sincerity.

As Fish himself would, I'm sure, wrly admit, the songs are anthems of bedsit land, the anguished cries of the lonely contemplating the twin horrors of being atom-bombed or stood up by the girlfriend, the former pressing larger in the event of the latter.

Perhaps it is the air of gloom that I first found so off-putting, not to mention the pointing of the accusatory finger, so common in folk music. But the sense of tragedy and impending doom are all part of the Marillion stance. Indeed, their symbolic use of the figure of Harlequin (now half naked on the cover), the pantomime buffoon, hints that tragedian Fish must also be viewed as Fish the Clown and Lover.

'I am the Assassin with tongue forged from eloquence,' he hisses in the opening item. 'Assassing' is a song about the need to twist a knife in the back of a friend in an act of social surgery. Drums lead the way into a singularly exciting and driving performance in which guitar and keyboards answer perfectly Fish's savage dialogue. *'Unsheathed the blade with the voice . . . my friend'*, he roars with cynical fury.

The pace remains hot and fervent for 'Punch & Judy' with *arpeggios* whirling before the singer launches into a Fish rap about the horrors of marital disillusionment and the onset of middle age. *'Whatever happened to morning smiles and permissive styles?'* demands the poet. 'Jigsaw' relaxes into a gentle evocation of childhood and reveals itself (after a spot of onion-skin peeling) as a tale of personal relationships. 'Emerald Lies' tells of the tortures of love and jealousy and 'She Chameleon' questions the motives of the girls who come in the night to prey on unwary musos.

Dynamics, light and shade and sensitive interpretation turn these songs from confusions of noise into things of beauty. What the world needs now is a Lady Fish to answer all these charges of infidelity. Meanwhile, Harlequin Fish turns his attention to 'Incubus', the tale of a porno film director whose lover becomes a star. Pain and madness reign. An 'Incubus' by the way is a devil who is supposed to have intercourse with a sleeping woman.

Sex rears its cheery head in both 'Incubus', where Fish confesses to *'nursing an erection'*, and 'She Chameleon', where he ponders on certain Anglo-Saxon rites. 'Fugazi', the final and deepest cut of all, is about the way the individual loses control of his environment. We find the poet now in isolation in a cell in Blackheath. Suddenly, he takes the Piccadilly line to Islington. Only a Scotsman would launch himself on such an impossible journey. But with a bottle of vodka and a well-nursed erection, who knows what Man can achieve.

CHRIS WELCH

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BRONZE

SUTERIAN CONFUSION
HAVING READ Paul Suter's feature on Hellion (issue 60), I've got to say that to my mind a great deal of it is downright deceiving.

I'm a big fan of HM and happen to live in Los Angeles. From what I've seen and know about Hellion, the *Kerrang!* article must have been talking about a totally different band. It's patently clear that at the time he wrote it, Paul couldn't have seen this lot perform in LA.

Let me explain. I've watched Hellion three times at the Troubadour in Hollywood, and not once did they come even close to getting the place packed – and the venue has a capacity of just 350! Yet, according to the interview, they constantly play there to full houses – nonsense!

Furthermore, the reason why radio station *KMET* ignores Hellion is because they pale into insignificance when put alongside other LA bands like W.A.S.P, Armored Saint, Ratt, Warrior and Black 'N' Blue. They do not have a large and devoted following and Paul Suter should learn to research his facts more closely before making grandiose claims. **Erik Van Deest, Los Angeles.**

STORM CLOUDS
IT WASN'T enough that Howard Johnson had to open up a wound by including the never-released fourth New England album on his playlist (issue 54); Malcolm Dome then had to go and twist the knife by reviewing Storm's debut album as his *Striktly For Konnoisseurs* choice (issue 61).

I've been desperately hunting for this LP in second-hand stores and record fairs for the past three years with no luck whatsoever, and now it's been given the *Kerrang!* seal of approval doubtless any shops that *do* have copies will be adding a couple of quid to the asking price.

All I need now is for someone to rub salt into the wound by writing about 'Strange Universe' (Mahogany Rush), 'Garden Shed' (England) and 'Explorer Suite' (New England). I've been looking for those three LPs almost as long as 'Storm'! **Kevin Dove, Leeds.**

Perhaps, someone, somewhere should consider making these five albums readily available in the UK, eh? In fact, why not write in and tell us which rare albums you'd like to see re-issued. – Ed.

Pic Ray Palmer

ANN BOLEYN of Hellion: 'insignificant', claims A Reader

KOMMUNICATION

Say it loud to Kommunication, Kerrang!, 40 Long Acre, London WC2

PRIDE & PREJUDICE (1)
CONGRATULATIONS TO Dave Dickson for using His *Komment* piece (issue 61) to criticise the narrow-mindedness of most headbangers.

However, I do feel that the reason this attitude prevails, especially in London, is because magazines like *Kerrang!* actually portray heavy rock fans as brainless morons. I, for one, like a wide range of music from Venom to the Eurythmics and feel that if the press in general was prepared to adopt a more open-minded attitude towards music bigotry would soon disappear. **Jenny, a very broke Bangor 'banger.**

PRIDE & PREJUDICE (2)
AFTER READING Dave Dickson's *Komment*, I felt I just had to write in and reply to his praise of that ace kiddies' group Duran Duran. How the hell can Dickson proclaim that Andy Taylor is a good live guitarist?! The next thing you know he'll be trying to convince us all that Modern Romance are a good group. Maybe Dave should join *Smash S**ts* or *Top Of The Craps*! **An enraged Rush fan, Orpington.**

NEW BARBARIANS
RECENTLY, I had the distinct pleasure of seeing Saxon play at the *Glasgow Apollo* and I must admit to never having enjoyed the band so much as on this occasion.

It wasn't so much Saxon's own performance (they were no better or worse than the other times I've caught them live), but more the audience's reaction that made the *Apollo* gig so special.

The Scots fans were truly OTT – flesh-eating, no-qualms rockers! They gave total commitment to their art and proved that Glasgow really knows how to rock. There were balloons bopping about, bog rolls and scarves being thrown, not to mention spontaneous bursts of song from the crowd between tracks. It was the sort of atmosphere that should be bottled and sold to English rock fans who think *they* know how to have a good time. **George Webster, Glasgow.**

PINK FIT
ALRIGHT, what's going on? In the 62 issues of *Kerrang!* so far published one band has been almost totally ignored – Pink Floyd. So how about rectifying this disgraceful situation by printing, at the very least, a full album/singles discography? **An HM fan, Canvey Island.**

LET THERE BE DRUMS . . .
I'M RATHER sick and tired of reading about the same old guitar heroes (Schenker, Blackmore, Hagar, etc) in every issue of *Kerrang!* How about devoting just a little more space to drummers? Why not do in-depth features on such great performers as Cozy Powell, Tommy Aldridge, Scott Columbus (Manowar), Vinnie Appice (Dio) and Ted McKenna (MSG). Let's see equal coverage given to the hammer merchants. **Barry, Bradford.**

HALEN HEARTY
HURRAH, YOU'VE finally done it. At last, an interview has been published in *Kerrang!* (issue 61) with Van Halen. I was beginning to think you had something against David Lee Roth & co. Mind you, having also read in the same issue about the affair between Roth and Alex Van Halen's wife *(Knut Krushers)*, I'll admit to being slightly disappointed with the vocalist's attitude. Everyone knows HM to be a very close sub-culture, but I'd have thought there are certain things nobody would do to a member of his own group! **Caroline Welts, Kensington, London.**

BIG-HEADS DOWN SOUTH
AFTER READING Malcolm Dome's feature on 38 Special (issue 61), I've decided they must be either the best band in the world or else the most big-headed. Actually, I'm inclined to go with the latter viewpoint, after all, how can they seriously slag off bands like Blackfoot just because they don't like their music?

Nobody says the Specials have to like what Blackfoot are doing, but to call them 'stupid' and 'poor musicians' is indefensible. If 38 Special's music and live shows were even half as good as Blackfoot's, they'd have every right to regard themselves as a good band! But, as it is, what they had to say smacked of nothing more than petty jealousy. They obviously know, as we all do, that Blackfoot blow them away every time! **Ashley Way, Chawleigh, Devon.**

MADE IN BRITAIN
OK, WHAT'S going on with *Kerrang!*? Have you given up covering British bands or something? Just look at the contents of issue 61: Ted Nugent, Aldo Nova, Manowar, Van Halen, Billy Rankin, Snowy White, 38 Special and the Scorpions. In other words, just *two* UK acts given features in the entire issue and they didn't exactly take up a vast amount of space!

I'm not suggesting you should cut out all foreign bands from the magazine, but just bear in mind that *Kerrang!* is supposed to be a *British* publication. **Matt, Ellesmere Port, Cheshire.**

BABYS SCAM
THROUGHOUT THE life of *Kerrang!*, we've only had one feature appertaining to the Babys and that was an interview with John Waite in issue 31. You keep covering such awful bands as Twisted Sister and Mercyful Fate, yet great acts like the Babys are ignored. How about rectifying this terrible omission? **Wally Stocker, the St. Mirren fan.**

See Mayhem *in this very issue for up-to-date information on John Waite's career. – Ed.*

KING-SIZE ERROR
HOW COULD you in all seriousness let Jonathan King review the singles in issue 60? Surely, someone who so obviously doesn't like Heavy Metal shouldn't be allowed to undertake such a task!

The man clearly showed that he has no idea what he's talking about when he admitted to hating Accept whilst praising Rick Springfield. To my mind, having King on the case for the singles column was as ludicrous as Malcolm 'Demonic' Dome reviewing a Bucks Fizz LP *(I happen to like Bucks Fizz! – The 'Demonic' One)*. **A confused headbanger.**

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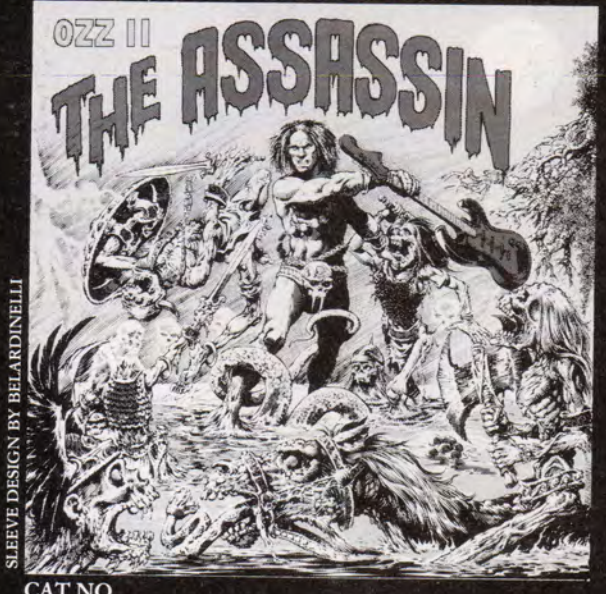

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QUIET RIOT

STARS AND their stripes (part 37).

It's 'Up, Up & Awaaay' time once again for Quiet Riot vocalist Kevin DuBrow and the lads. Having just completed their first headlining tour of Britain, the quartet are busy writing and rehearsing material for their next album, recording for which is scheduled to begin in early April, with Spencer Proffer once again at the production helm.

Among the songs expected to appear on the LP are 'Condition Critical' (the projected album title), 'Rebels With A Cause', 'We Were Born To Rock' and 'Sign Of The Times'. There is also a chance that the band will record their version of Slade's klassic 'Mama Weer All Crazee Now'.

The LP will be released during late Summer at which point Quiet Riot will head out on another American trek, encouraging audiences to cum and feel the noize courtesy of the Metal Health Service.

MALCOLM DOME

KEVIN DUBROW: pic by Ross Halfin

RITCHIE: some hair-raising questions below!

KWIZZ!

RAINBOW RISING . . . Ritchie's Rainbow have had a chequered career. Check out these twenty . . .

YOUR SCORE:
0–5: Your mind's bent out of shape.
6–15: Your problem's difficult to cure.
16–20: Yes, you've caught the Rainbow.

1 Name the Elf LP which featured the prophetically titled track 'Rainbow'.
2 In the Rainbow story, what is the significance of 'Black Sheep Of The Family'?
3 Who was the original Rainbow bassist?
4 Jimmy Bain was the second bassist to play with Rainbow. Name his band immediately prior to joining Ritchie.
5 Where and when was Rainbow's first live (documented) gig?
6 On which Rainbow LP would you find 'Light In The Black'?
7 Which Rainbow keyboard man was fired and re-hired in 1977?
8 Canadian David Stone took over the keyboard seat in August 1977. Name his previous band.
9 When did Dio leave Rainbow?
10 What was the gimmick of the limited edition of 'Down To Earth'?
11 Who penned 'Since You've Been Gone'?
12 Who did Rainbow support on their American tour of late 1979?
13 What was Cozy Powell's last Rainbow gig?
14 Where was the bulk of 'Difficult To Cure' recorded?
15 Who designed the 'doctor' sleeve on that album?
16 Who did Rainbow tour the States with in Spring 1981?
17 What was Joe Lynn Turner's band prior to Rainbow?
18 Who produced the 'Straight Between The Eyes' set?
19 What was on the B side of 'All Night Long'?
20 Who said of Ritchie "Sometimes when he's tuning up he plays the most brilliant things"?

ANSWERS: 1 'Carolina County Ball' **2** Arguments over recording a cover of this song eventually led to Blackmore quitting Purple. **3** Craig Gruber **4** Harlot **5** Philadelphia, 15 November 1975 **6** 'Rainbow Rising' **7** Tony Carey **8** Symphonic Slam **9** January 1979 **10** It was pressed in clear vinyl **11** Russ Ballard **12** Blue Oyster Cult **13** Monsters Of Rock, Castle Donington, August 16 1980 **14** The Sweet Silence Studio, Copenhagen **15** The famous Hipgnosis outfit **16** The Pat Travers Band **17** Fandango **18** Roger Glover **19** 'Weiss Heim' **20** Roger Glover . . . again!

PENPALS

This is a FREE service. But keep it brief – and clean! Send a photo too, if you like. Long, boring Penpal letters will go in the bin!

BELGIAN HEADBANGER, 27, HM radio DJ, deeply into Metallica, Virgin Steele, Accept, Demon Eyes, Vulcain, etc would be interested in some heavy correspondence with females all over the world (USA, Canada, Japan, UK especially). Photo appreciated. **Tombal Mark, 15 Rue Monulphe, 4000 Liege, Belgium.**

I LOVE all Horror Metal bands such as M. Fate and Deathwish, as well as Mama's Boys, Maiden etc. Only people who think Malcolm Dome has got brilliant musical taste need write to **Julie Brunt, 2 Stonyfield, Spitals Cross, Edenbridge, Kent TN8 6DE.**

HM VOCALIST into early Priest, Maiden, Queensrÿche etc. I would like to hear from serious musicians and sexy ladies who have similar interests. Photo appreciated. **Tommy Rogers, 5647 Berry Creek, Houston, Texas 77017.**

PANICCOS (20) into MSG, Iron Maiden and most good music. Ladies aged 16-23 please write. **Paniccos, 18 Ploutonos Street, Larnaca, Cyprus.**

MARILLION FAN CLUB member would like to get in touch with other Web members, Skyline Drifters, Snow Angels or Forgotten Sons. Especially if you went to see them in March. **Ratt the Marillion Maniac, 248 Abbeyhills Road, Oldham, OL8 2DQ, Gtr Manchester.**

A WORD to all you daring young ladies.

There's 43 freaks here with me at the moment, all of them dying of boredom and just waiting to write to you. So get writing! Photos if poss. **Stick Insect, c/o MEM (M) Ryan, 3K Mess, HMS Apollo, BFPO Ships, London.**

HARDCORE BANGER 1000 per cent into Venom, Metallica, is looking for HM insiders to exchange demos, etc. I'm also OTT for Exciter, Fate, Slayer, Sav Grace, Hellhammer, Snowhite, Helstar & Megadeath. Please send your tape-lists and you'll get mine. I'm also in search of demos and bios of bands who would like to be featured in my mag, *Shock Power*. **Alex Gernandt, Wormser Str. 118, 6840 Lampertheim, West Germany.**

BORED FEMALE (16) into Zep, Floyd, Spirit, Rainbow, VH and more wants to hear from anybody aged 16-20, anywhere (especially Glossop, Stalybridge, Ashton, Hyde and Galashiels). All letters answered. **Joanna, 8 Dinting Road, Glossop, Derbyshire.**

ENGLISH COUPLE want to hear from American couple for regular communication about the rock scene. Interests include Def Leppard, Y&T, Journey, Priest, Van Halen etc and anything else you want to talk about (18-30). **James Litchfield, 18 Bakehouse Lane, Ockbrook, Derby DE7 3RH, England.**

I'M A 16-year old guy into Rush, Zeppelin, Queen, Tommy Bolin, Marillion, T. Rex, ELP and Hendrix. I'm looking for people of my own age group to write to. Any sex accepted. No Lemmy lovers, please. **Graeme Sands, 23 Dorchester Park, Upper Malone Road, Belfast 3T9 6RH Northern Ireland.**

FLOWER CHILD, fading from lack of communication, seeks peace-loving dreamers – anyone, anywhere (20+) who shares my love of Zeppelin, Hendrix, Doors, Rainbow, Rush. All letters answered. **Sandi, 79 Victoria Street, Gillingham, Kent ME7 1EN.**

21-YEAR OLD would like to hear from fans of HM and HR, from anywhere in the world. All letters answered. **Patrick Boucheron, Radio Eglantine, BP 20, 94430 Chennevieres, France.**

AMERICAN MALE (20), a Yes fanatic, would like to have an English penpal. Also into Pink Floyd, Rush, Marillion, Tull and early Genesis. Please write to **Rick Cary, 3383 Zorina Way, Sacramento, CA 95826 USA.**

19-YEAR OLD banger into anything hip, including Saxon, Maiden, Ozzy, sheep's skulls and hobnail boots, would like to acquaint himself with suitable young ladies. **Pat 'Long Boy' Morrow, Mullendavagh, Selloo, Co. Monaghan, Eire.**

CALLING ALL males (17+). If you are an idiot, totally demented or just crazy, Kaz & Dee would like to hear from you. All HM/HR music liked + T. Rex. Long hair preferred. Humour is a must. Write with photo to **Tastle, 18 School Close, Ripponden, Halifax, West Yorks HX6 4HP.**

STRANDED MALE rocker seeks attractive female rocker in America, pref. New York or LA, 16+, into Dio, Helix, AC/DC, Tokyo Blade. **Jon Oater, 215 Coalway Road, Penn, Wolverhampton, West Midlands, England.**

JACK HIGH!

PAUL SUTER talks beer and 'bonking' with the GREAT WHITE vocalist.

AS YOU'LL know, and maybe have experienced by now, *EMI America*'s second Metal signing, Los Angeles-based Great White, have leapfrogged their first, Queensrÿche, in the UK visit stakes, being currently on the road here with Whitesnake. Four, proud electric warriors in search of the Metal grail, GW are about to step into the arena of judgement. An album! A tour! Atishoo! Okay, I'll come quietly officer . . .

Sorry, but this one proved a bit of a problem. The band's vocalist, Jack Russell, you see, is one of those immensely likeable, easy-going characters whose good humour colours everything they say. As a result, my attempts to record our phone conversation on paper devolved into a barely legible scrawl as Jack raced on (despite promising to talk slowly so I could keep up!), and my recollections of the bits I scribbled through tend to centre on the more entertaining, less relevant side. He apologised for not being drunk – not quite enough time, apparently, he'd only been awake 20 minutes, after all – then proceeded to talk nearly as much rubbish as I write. I'm looking forward to meeting the guy in person!

Mind you, we started off quite sensibly, with me observing that Great White seem to have followed the standard path for getting a deal with *EMI America* – record your own EP, then sell lots of copies. It's easy really . . .

"It's not just them, it's a symptom of the way the industry is working right now. It's the basic way to go, because you can't get attention without product these days – nobody seems to be listening to tapes anymore."

So, get the kids' attention with your own record – or fail to, of course, a neat route to oblivion – and the record companies should react; if it's selling well, they'll want a piece of the action and will probably fight each other to get it, and if they actually *like* it too you could be quids in. Great White played the game, and ended up signing to a label which is currently exhibiting an admirable commitment to *good* Metal music.

"We're really happy with them, they're good people and they seem to love our music as much as we do. We're not just another trophy on the wall for them, they're really behind the band."

And really behind the debut album too, it seems. Whilst, at the time of writing, I haven't yet had the chance to grab a sneak preview of the platter in point, we tend to agree on most things so I confidently predict words of praise from the press angle too.

There's a massive honesty to Great White's music; they are, after all, instrumentally speaking, only a three piece so they don't stray *too* far from the beaten track – they just write and play better than most – and the result is an outstanding example of high-powered straight-ahead rock.

Parallels with the Who spring to mind, fuelled of course by the appearance of Pete Townshend's 'Substitute' on the LP (titled simply 'Great White' and produced by Michael Wagener).

A record company idea perhaps, with much US attention now being paid to heavy covers following Quiet Riot's recent success with Slade's 'Cum On Feel The Noize'?

"No, it was nothing like that at all. We've been playing that song live for ages; we were doing it way before the EP came out. We wanted to take the song and give it a touch of Great White, but to record it we needed the writer's permission and Pete freaked out at first. Finally, though, he saw what we were trying to do, and he was totally happy about it after that."

The album has been rush-released to coincide with the band's tour, a fortuitous pairing with Whitesnake. David Coverdale was given an advance cassette of the album, and his approval was immediate.

"It's a big step up from club dates in LA, but we're really glad to be coming to Britain first – there's going to be a lot of hard work involved, but we're going to have a lot of fun too! I want to see the world before I die, and there's always the chance that this tour will kill me, so at least I'll see part of it before I go!"

Which might seem a bit extreme, but then Great White's idea of fun *can* be pretty strenuous at times. Simply, they like to drink and 'bonk', generally showing an intense devotion to their pleasures.

So it was that our conversation drifted away into far off realms of pubs and beds, taking in a Suterian treatise on British femininity (why ask me??? And no, Jack, they're *not* wearing bikinis right now, it's so cold they'd poke your eyes out!). I was also persuaded into a discourse on the merits of British beer (better than that piss they serve in the States, sunshine!) as the band have a recurring nightmare that it will all be – horrors! – warm over here.

The devotion of Jack Russell to the female gender has already been fairly well evidenced in the *Kerrang!* photopages, with his secretaries clearly not averse to taking absolutely everything down and using it in evidence against him. His priapic state is beginning to rival that of notorious used car salesman – and part-time king of US HR – Don Dokken (who actually managed to spare the time to co-produce Great White's debut EP).

"We all live by the sea down at Hermosa Beach; it's fairly close to Dokken, but a safe distance, I guess! It sure keeps the chicks fit jogging down the beach – we send 'em over to each other when we're done for a while, so one way or another they get plenty of exercise!"

Jack *has* been sensible, though – he's not bought a car off Dokken! Not that there's anything wrong with them, of course, it's just that when he finally hits Number One they're all going to turn back into pumpkins . . .

"Believe it or not, we live in LA yet not one member of the band owns a car. I've gone over all the good reasons for buying one time after time, but it always comes down to the fact that I don't really want to drive wasted, and I'm *always* wasted! After all, there's always an excuse for a party, you've just got to find it. What's today? February 8? Well, February 8 only comes once a year, so we'd better celebrate the day before it's gone for good! Hell, it's the ninth tomorrow, there's another reason for a party . . !"

Needless to say, Jack has a problem with drink – sometimes the liquor stores are shut and he can't buy any!

"It's really bad, two o'clock till six I can't buy a drop, *all* the stores are closed. I guess there's nothing else to do but go to sleep, I wouldn't bother if I didn't have to.

"Actually, I've figured out why I drink so much. When I was a kid, my mother used to make me eat liver and I absolutely *hated* the stuff, so now I'm getting revenge by trying to destroy my own!"

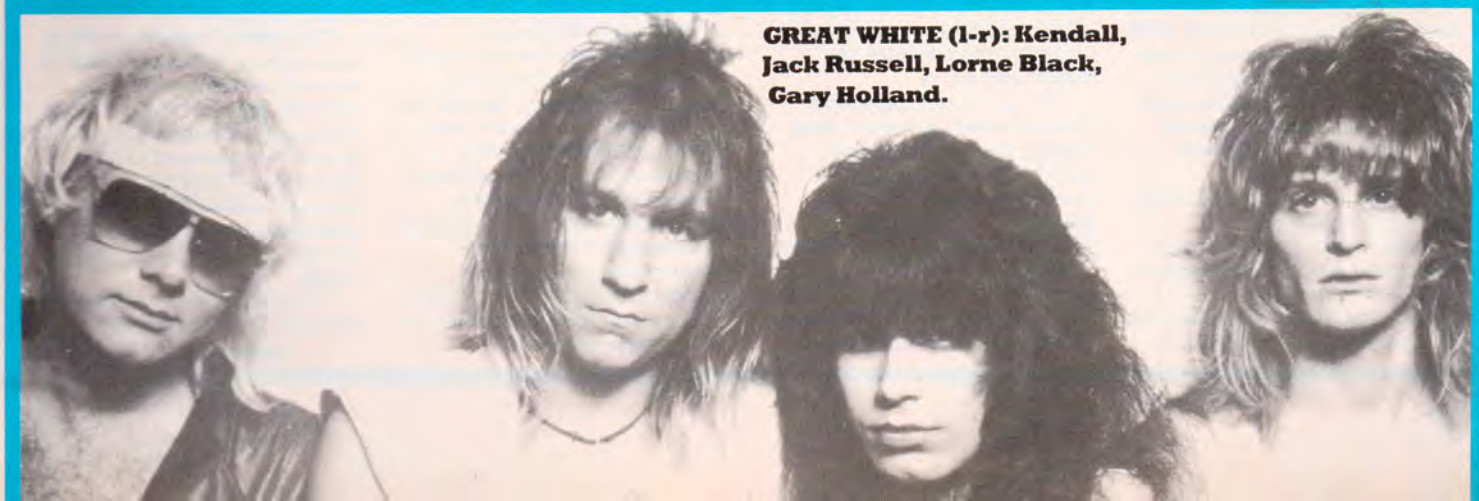
I quivered with trepidation at the thought of the night's drinking he invited me to when the band hit town . . .

Which does bring me back somehow to more strictly rock 'n' roll thought patterns. LA Metal is growing in strength, and the band seem to be at the forefront of a potential reversal of the British Metal invasion of America.

"Not really, the 'British invasion' has always been going on and it always will; Britain has so many great Metal bands that we want to hear out here, it's just that LA is now getting back into the swing of things after being blackballed for a while. There was a time when we really were HM outcasts.

"LA is such a 'fashion' city, and Hollywood must be the trend capital of the world. Right now, Metal is in fashion so everyone's wearing chains and leather in the audience and on stage; often as not, you could swap the guys on stage with a few kids from the audience and nobody would notice the difference.

"I couldn't move out of LA, though, I love the weather too much. It means the chicks don't wear an awful lot . . ."



GREAT WHITE (l-r): Kendall, Jack Russell, Lorne Black, Gary Holland.

LIFE ON THE LINE

MICK WALL tackles Marillion frontman, FISH (right).

SCENE 1: Somewhere In the Desert There Is a Thirsty Cactus.

Backstage at the Newcastle City Hall, within the sanctuary of the hospitality room and behind closed doors, a rather large brandy is perched on the edge of its seat asking a lot of questions. This same rather large brandy is five feet six inches tall and is scanning the room through exceedingly red eyes.

Opposite sits an even larger whisky and coke which is answering all and any questions the brandy has to offer. As a matter of academic interest, seeing as how we're going into exact details, the whisky and coke is six feet five inches tall and is the singer of Marillion, one of the finest and most successful new groups to have emerged from the UK in the last 18 months.

At the conclusion of their conversation, the brandy is said to have been very impressed by his friend the whisky and coke. In fact, the brandy believes he has not met such an intelligent, articulate, not forgetting talented, whisky and coke for a very long time indeed.

It is worth remembering that the brandy tells no lies . . . CUT!

SCENE 2: A Good Journalist Never Brings His Liver With Him When He Goes On The Road With Marillion.

'So here I am once more,
In the playground of the broken hearts,
One more experience,
One more entry in a diary,
Self-penned yet another emotional suicide,
Too late to say I love you,
Too late to restage the play,
Abandoning my relics in the playground of yesterday . . .'

Riddle me this jester: who sang those lyrics at the *Edinburgh Odeon?* All those who muttered Fish will have to stay behind for extra lessons after school tonight. To my everlasting astonishment there were over 2,000 word-perfect voices singing along to 'Script For A Jester's Tear' at the *Edinburgh Odeon* the first night I caught Marillion. The miracle was repeated before my disbelieving eyes the following night in Newcastle.

What I want to know is this: what are Marillion fans *on* and can I have some please . . .? I mean, it ain't exactly 'Sailing' by Rod Stewart now is it? Seeing Marillion for the first time since their fateful Reading appearance in 1982 left me slack-jawed and breathless. At the moment I'm learning to recite the words to 'Fugazi' backwards so I can really impress the party people when the band play the *Hammersmith Odeon.*

I'm also booking myself an appointment at the nearest Doctor Feelgood's for the following morning where I shall demand that the tattered remains of my brain be encased in plaster and my yellow liver be donated to medical science. Mental note: I think I know why they call him Fish *(hic!).*

SCENE 3: A Quick Word From Our Sponsors.

The new album, 'Fugazi', is reviewed elsewhere in this ish so I shan't space-waste by gurgling in baby-talk and groping for adjectives . . . but . . . I will say this: life is but an absurd sham without it, *mes enfants* . . . it leaps and it dances, it whistles and cavorts, it is fine, fine, fine, and it sends you soaring into the stratosphere so very high, high, high. It is entirely unlike anybody's preconceived notion of what the second Marillion album would sound like.

SCENE 4: Somewhere Still In The Desert The Cactus Is Buying A Round.

The brandy is growing larger by the minute, beginning to speak in tongues. The whisky and coke sits and waits, patient as Edinburgh rock, with eyes as deep and fathomless as the North Sea.

How do you feel about your new record at this point in time?

"We're really into it. We've pushed all the buttons, set the knobs and, basically, pulled the trigger. We can't change now what we've done. We're exceptionally pleased with all the writing on it. But, as with 'Script . . .', you look back on it and say: 'We could have put just a bit more gloss on it here, dropped the mix here and there', and so on.

"We got to the stage with 'Fugazi' where we were really feeling the pressures from within ourselves, from the record company, from the production side, from all quarters. We went totally over-budget, totally over-time, and when we first got the finished tapes we didn't really know what we thought anymore. It became like a child, we had become very possessive about its growth.

"When we finished 'Script . . .' we naturally felt very high because it was the primary album, you know, just from the ego point of view, none of us had ever released a thirty-three-and-a-third record before. On this one you could say the force of 'Script . . .' came through and was felt by us all, and we had to take that somehow and push it further forward. There's a lot more riding on this album, there's a lot more at stake.

"We were talking last night about how 'Script . . .' filtered out over a one and a half year period, regarding arrangements, regarding writing, approaches, everything. We came out eventually with an album that overlapped; it had gone from the first into being half of the second album, almost. With 'Fugazi' we were very aware of the media blade . . . the big questions, the whole Gabriel/Genesis thing and all the accusations of hype and the Progressive Rock issues. They're big shadows.

"And then we'd gone through the period last year when we sacked the original drummer (Mick Pointer – who was a founder member of Marillion) and parted company with three others, before finally finding Ian (Mosley – formerly with Steve Hackett)."

Did you get rid of those drummers – I mean, you went through three *– because they were technically inept, or was it more personal than that? Bad breath, etc . . .*

"They were all technically excellent drummers, the problem is that we're a very close unit, so losing a member is like having a wound you're trying to put a graft on and if that skin is not the perfect match, not the right type, it's going to be rejected."

The track 'Assassing' on 'Fugazi' is about Mick Pointer and co, isn't it?

"Yeah, it is. We were developing very fast as a band and everybody quite rightly started looking very hard at the weak links in the chain – you have to in order to survive – so Mick had to be, uh, eradicated. 'Assassing' is all about that. Everybody has the ability to be the assassin. I mean, Mick complained, he couldn't understand at the time why he was sacked. He's still one of the few people who don't understand why they were sacked, but then Mick was there when we sacked the keyboard player before Mark . . ."

He understood those moves?

"Yeah, he understood them. But they were sacked for exactly the same reasons he was. Because the band Marillion is not one person, it is a band, a unit of five, and it's got to move on and everybody in this band, including myself, is dispensable. I mean, who knows, I might turn into a raging alcoholic or something, then *I'd* have to go!"

Do you write all the words?

"Yeah, all of them. I don't play an instrument, so I'm looking to Pete (Trewavas, bass), Mark (Kelly, keyboards) and Steve (Rothery, guitar), who have got an icredible prowess on their own instruments, and I've got to match that. I've got to keep my side of the band very together."

YOU'VE MADE enormous leaps with the new album. You're singing better than ever, the music is much stronger, better played. How do you account for such giant steps forward?

"I think a lot of it comes from the drumming, and the faith we have in Ian. Plus, the experience and knowledge we gained from recording 'Script . . .' And the pressures from the media thing as well. That attitude of not accepting the band because they don't know what the band stands for. We don't know ourselves what we stand for."

But that's a pure media trip, right? If your audience smelled a rat, if they had cause to question the musical integrity of the band, they would desert you. It's a very grassroots following . . .

"We don't want to patronise our fans in any way. They believe strongly in what the band plays. They like the music. As you say, if they thought it was a hype, Marillion would sink without a trace."

Does the shadow of Gabriel make you bitter?

"Not bitter. I've always felt a great desire to prove myself as a result. I want to prove my individuality. I've analysed my voice and thought deeply about it, and I've managed to move it up a notch. There's something like a full tone difference between my voice now and on 'Script . . .' I've experienced a lot more.

"It's a weird hat to wear – the vocalist. Every singer starts off

CONTINUES PAGE 22

Pic Ray Palmer

FROM PAGE 20

singing along to someone else. A lot of rock vocalists have obviously been influenced by Robert Plant. But when I started, I listened to Gabriel, Greg Lake, Jon Anderson . . ."

Did you write a lot of poetry when you were young?

"No. In fact, although it was my best subject, I hated English. Then, one day in the sixth year, we were made to write a poem. I ended up chopping up film titles and the style was really like, say, the words to 'Garden Party', and I got into it.

"Also, I was a very slow developer physically and, as a result, I got the full rejection treatment. So I had a lot of time to think and I got into analysing thought processes and the use of words. I stored away a lot of word images. Then, as it became obvious I couldn't play guitar or keyboards, I started putting words together. The first lyric I ever did, actually, was 'The Web'. I feel very comfortable writing words now, more comfortable than talking because people expect a lot these days."

Are you a very analytical person in your relationship with the band, with people close to you?

"Yes, very."

Do you get the suss of people quickly?

"Every time I think that I always get kicked in the balls! I find it very hard to trust people. Very hard."

Is that because there are things about yourself you find hard to trust?

"No. I relate it to past ages. When I was 16 I got kicked about a lot, because I wasn't involved in the physical side of adolescence, it was all the thought side."

What sort of books have you been reading lately?

"I've been doing a lot of reading lately, actually. A couple of George Orwell's . . . 'Down And Out In Paris And London', which is a brilliant book."

Orwell is very analytical . . .

"Yeah, he is. I started a really good one yesterday by Hugo Williams. And Kerouac I really like. 'On The Road' has some great images. I'm useless at quoting people but there's this one line from that which really hit. It goes: 'The people I like are the ones that burn like Roman Candles and when the blue centre light goes pop everybody goes . . .*aw!*' I thought that was classic."

YOU'D PROBABLY like Dylan Thomas then. He was a hard drinking man who suffered very complex, analytical relationships . . .

"I've read 'Milkwood' and 'Portrait Of The Artist As A Young Dog', which is brilliant. A lot of 'Script . . .' came from similar ideas. I sometimes wonder if I deliberately provoke certain tricky situations to get the spark going. It can be a very, very dangerous thing to do when you take the analysis too close. Like on 'Incubus'.

"When I took the first five lines in to the band they rejected it. They said it was *too* personal. *I* was even worried about it. For instance, the part that goes: *'Nursing an erection/ A misplaced reaction/Is the flower to place before his gravestone'*. The only real taboos for me with the lyrics, though, are political ones. It's a very dangerous game to play going up onstage and spouting forth. You have to be very sure of your motives. *And* religion. We may prod at it but we don't attack it."

Do you pray?

"No. When I was 14 I started asking a lot of questions which nobody could answer and I drifted completely away."

(At this point, Brian, the band's publicity man, gave us the 'five minutes more' sign.) A couple of quickies . . . how did the face make-up evolve?

"When you're singing to someone, especially in pop, you're singing right to their eye. So what I did was, mask the eye with make-up so the white and the pupil really smacked forward. It grew naturally from there. I did the fish eyes and the Egyptian eyes came through. It carried on so far because I'm very self conscious onstage. But it's not essential to the image of the band and I don't want to get trapped by it, which is why I do press pictures without it quite often. It's only part of the show which gets wiped off when I leave the stage. I don't want to be the masked man or anything."

Who comes up with the theatrical ideas for the show?

"Because I'm the frontman I tend to take care of those things. The frontman onstage points out the direction of the songs. If the band screws up, *he's* the one that screwed up; and if the band are great, *he's* the one that was great.

"We didn't want to make the stageshow rigid, but we have points which we do keep to every night."

SCENE 5: There Is No Scene 5.

SCENE 6: *Finis* . . . This Bar Is Closed.

Kaleidoscope

Edited by MALCOLM DOME

NEWS

THE SOUNDTRACK to the movie **'Scarface'** is now available on MCA Records. The music was written and produced by **Giorgio Moroder**. Among the artists featured is **Debbie Harry**.

WARNER HOME VIDEO have just issued **'Rock 'n' Roll High School'** starring the **Ramones**. Released in the cinema some five years ago, the film (produced by **Roger Corman**) features the Ramones blasting through such faves as **'Sheena Is A Punk Rocker'**, **'Blitzkrieg Bop'** and **'Pinhead'**. The soundtrack also includes contributions from **Fleetwood Mac, Alice Cooper, Wings, Chuck Berry** and **Velvet Underground**.

DIRECTOR **Charles Band**, the man responsible for **'Ragewar'** (starring **W.A.S.P.**), is presently working on a new project titled **'Swordkill'**. The plot concerns a Samurai warrior unfrozen after spending some 300 years encased in ice.

THE SOUNDTRACK to **'Up The Creek'**, the latest crazy comedy to sweep America, has just been issued on Pasha in the USA. It features material from the likes of **Cheap Trick, Heart,** the **Beach Boys** (their first new recording in five years) and **Ian Hunter**.

'SUPERGIRL', STARRING **Helen Slater** in the title role and directed by **Jeannot Szwarc**, is to be released in Britain through EMI Films on July 20.

PIA ZADORA (definitely **Malcolm Dome's** woman of *any* year) is to star in a film titled **'Attack Of The Rock 'N' Roll Aliens'**, which threatens to be a serious rival to one of her earlier classics, 'Santa Claus Conquers The Martians'!

VIDEOS

'FOURPLAY EP' – Whitesnake
(Picture Music International)

WITH THE exception of 'Here I Go Again' all four tracks here were filmed live, either at a small venue ('Fool For Your Loving'), a specially set-up studio 'performance' ('Don't Break My Heart Again'), or Donington ('Guilty Of Love'). The live promos were directed by Lindsey Clennell who compensates for Whitesnake's tired posing with good camera angles, snappy editing and good lighting.

'Fool . . .' and 'Don't . . . ', from 1980 and '81 respectively, feature David Coverdale, Ian Paice, Mick Moody, Neil Murray, Jon Lord and Bernie Marsden. 'Guilty . . .' and 'Here I Go Again' have Colin Hodgkinson, Mel Galley and Cozy Powell, plus Coverdale and Lord.

'Here I Go Again', directed by Maurice Phillips, sees Coverdale slumped in the middle row of a deserted theatre scowling at the lens as if cursing the director for forgetting the cue cards. Though once onstage, he soon becomes animated, tossing back his locks and wielding the mike stand in time-honoured fashion.

The live tracks are typical 'Snake, with 'Guilty . . .' the one duff track. As a song it's flat and cliché-ridden and as a video it's unremarkable. Still, three out of four ain't bad.

PAUL ROLAND

'THE SINGLE FILE' – Kate Bush
(Picture Music International)
CLASS! CLASS! From the first breathless and fleeting soft focus deer steps of 'Wuthering Heights' to the glamorous glint, glare and unsullied narrative panache of 'There Goes A Tenner', this 12 track collection of Kate Bush promotional videos oozes class from every visible orifice.

Wall-eyed and drugged by images, I've watched 'The Single File' all the way through three times, three times, three . . . the spell remains unbroken. It's not like ogling live footage. It's not so sharply intentioned as a collection of Bowie B-movie mystery flicks, and its charm and sense of adventure owe little to the plodding narrative stereotypes of the *MTV* 26" colour giants. Walking with your wings spread wide through 'Babooshka', 'Hammer Horror', 'Them Heavy People', 'Wow' and 'Man With The Child In His Eyes', you become entranced by the inherent kaleidoscope of pop erotica.

Kate Bush is the angel, there to lead you to Heaven, where it is all plus and no minus. Kate Bush is the angel, there like a water-mark, a guarantee of faultless vision. Kate Bush is the angel, there to drop sprigs of parsley on your omelette, to put a shamrock in your buttonhole. Kate Bush is the angel . . . is the video star!

MICK WALL

FILMS

'CHRISTINE' (18)
'CHRISTINE' IS, to my mind, the best screen adaptation yet of a Stephen King novel. Even the author has given it the thumbs-up.

The plot concerns a zipped-up '58 Plymouth motor called affectionately by a female monicker that gets up to all sorts of malevolent tricks as soon as she's built in the motor city madhouse – Detroit. It's made very obvious from the start that the car is 'possessed', and anyone unlucky enough to own her is in for a hard time.

A period of some 20 years after being constructed, 'Christine' is languishing in a car dump, when a young college student buys her for a few hundred bucks and restores her to prime condition. Inevitably, things start going tragically wrong with various victims meeting nasty ends. But I don't wanna spoil the fun for you, so go and check it out for yourself, OK?

All I'll say to whet your appetite is that director John Carpenter has done a first-rate job on the adaptation, the special effects are breathtaking and there's a superb OTT climax. And the soundtrack, combining eerie Carpenter touches with George Thorogood licks and original Fifties rock 'n' roll classics, certainly enhances the overall atmosphere.

XAVIER RUSSELL

'THE PRIZE OF PERIL' (18)
BASED ON the novel by Robert Sheckley, 'The Prize Of Peril' is about the ultimate in global TV game shows. The 'prize' is a million dollars. The 'peril' is a four-hour live televised variation on the hare and hounds theme.

Five heavily armed psychopathic assassins have been culled from the regular viewing audience with a licence to run riot through the streets of Paris in pursuit of contestant Frederic Jaquemard.

The idea is straight-forward enough and, having won through the early qualifying rounds, Jaquemard becomes obsessed by thoughts of victory. Suddenly, halfway through the game with his pursuers closing in, he is given a helping hand by the show's producer, played by the beautiful Marie-France Pisier.

Her petite conscience bugging her, she explains that the contestant is kept alive as long as possible before being despatched in a very grisly manner so the show can maximise income from the advertisers.

The unbelievably naive Jaquemard is suitably shocked and proceeds to turn the tables, firstly on his assailants and then the TV show compere, a demonstrative, gesticulating ham. It all ends though, with the innocent Jaquemard being betrayed by the wayward Marie-France Pisier.

It's fast, fun and thoughtfully directed by Yves Boisset, but it has got subtitles so bring your reading specs. If, though, all you're interested in seeing is blood, guts and more blood, you'd be better advised to check out the ill-starred 'Scarface'.

MICK WALL

'TO BE OR NOT TO BE' (PG)
MEL BROOKS' version of the Ernest Lubitsch comedy classic is a potent blend of farce and drama. The story of Jewish refugees smuggled out of Nazi-occupied Poland by a ragged theatrical company presents Books with his strongest material to date.

As Frederick Bronski, egotistical head of the Bronski Theatrical Company, he believes himself to be a truly great actor. But, as his self-indulgent monologues prove, he is actually appalling.

When the Nazis invade Poland, Bronski and his wife Anna (Anne Bancroft) are ejected from their home and forced to live in a squalid little flat with the company's effeminate 'dresser'.

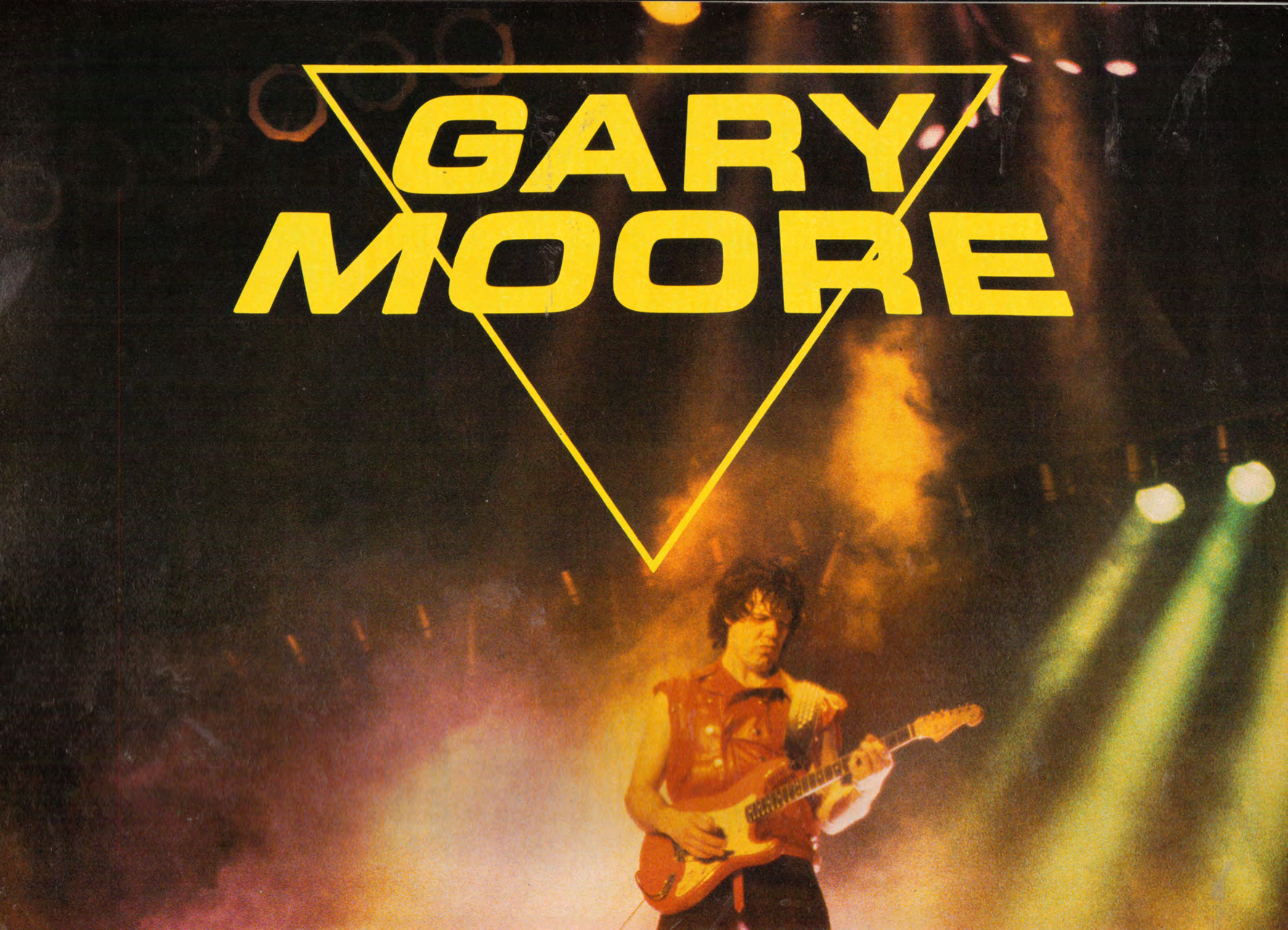
But help is at hand. A dashing young Polish airforce officer, Andre Sobinski (Tim Matheson), who has designs on Anna, enlists the couple's help in preventing the treacherous Professor Siletski (José Ferrer) from delivering vital information to the Gestapo, and in so doing offers them a means of escape.

The trio's elaborate deception plan calls for Bronski to impersonate first the Professor, then Hitler. The fact that Bronski looks *nothing* like Adolf indicates the style of humour involved – something between the Marx Brothers and Danny Kaye.

This version (Brooks *refuses* to call it a remake) is far superior to the original. Anne Bancroft is suitably breezy in the old Carole Lombard role, whilst Brooks himself whisks the whole production into a bright and frothy confection, yet never loses sight of the serious events lurking in the wings.

PAUL ROLAND

GARY MOORE



GOING UP in the world, in more ways than one, is gravity-defying guitar hero Gary Moore.

After years spent languishing in the middle league with the likes of Colosseum II, G-Force and, yes, even Lizzy, our Gal has really come into his own with the release of his latest album, 'Victims Of The Future', which crashed straight into the UK LP charts at Number 12 t'other week.

Seen here taking the rise out of himself at the Manchester Apollo, Moore's recent UK tour climaxed at London's Hammy Odeon with the guest appearance of Jimmy Nail, *aka* the outspoken Geordie brickie called Oz from the late, lamented TV series *Auf Wiedersehen, Pet.*

Nail introduced the band – Moore, plus Ian Paice, Neil Carter and Craig Gruber – at the beginning of the set and later re-emerged to sing along on the encore, 'Rockin' An' Rollin", proving himself to be the possessor of a mighty fine voice.

Mind you, if you saw that edition of *The Tube* a few weeks back, you'll already know this. (Maybe Nail should get together with Cozy Powell and reform Hammer? Just a thought . . .)

Meanwhile, on the Moore front, expect a live album from the man to be available on Ten Records this autumn. This'll be Gary's first official in-concert release in Britain, and it'll feature trax recorded throughout the world, plus two new (but as yet unwritten) studio numbers.

The Moore the merrier? You betcha!

GEOFF BARTON

Pic Peter Cronin/Redfern

SCREEN DREAMS

Has rock video overkill prompted the demise of the live gig as we know it? PAUL ROLAND investigates the situation.

EACH WEEK 14 million people in the UK opt out of the broadcast system to watch videos. Since the launch of domestic Video Cassette Recorders just three years ago, the public's visual diet, mainly feature films before, is changing fast. Rock videos are an increasingly popular alternative. Three million music videos were sold last year which, at an average price of £20 a time, makes them big business.

Gone are the days when ex-TV directors like Mike Mansfield could make a video for £400, and on sheer novelty value alone be certain it would be shown on *Top Of The Pops*. The demand for studio time, the increasing cost of new, more sophisticated equipment and the shift towards feature film-like productions have raised the stakes considerably. The presence of a top film director like John 'American Werewolf' Landis and ace make-up men such as Rick Baker and Greg Cannom has put Michael Jackson's costly 'Thriller' video into a class by itself.

So where to now? And what are the implications for live performances? Will video ever replace the sweat and atmosphere of a good gig as Billy Rankin hinted it might in these very pages a couple of issues ago? I put these and other questions to Jeff Kempkin *(Picture Music International/ EMI)*, Doreen Laver *(MTV)*, Manager Miles Copeland and artists such as Lemmy, David Coverdale and Fish. But first a bit of background . . .

The first promotional video was made for Queen's 'Bohemian Rhapsody' in 1975, a single which was both impossible to mime to and demanding of a visually adventurous interpretation. There is no doubt that the resulting clip persuaded the *TOTP* production team to give over 6 minutes of prime air-time to this one single which in turn boosted sales of the record. However, two factors prevented this exploratory effort from ushering in the video age; one, there was no domestic video market at the time and, two, there were just three TV channels. This was the sad state of play until 1980 when the New Romantics brought glamour back into rock with a renewed emphasis on visual presentation.

ORIGINALLY, videos were made simply to promote a particular record and so had to be put together cheaply, but the advent of the high street, domestic VCR boom meant they could be put on sale to the public. The result was a whole new market and a large injection of capital into video production.

Those blow-wave heart-throbs Duran Duran set the pace with their eponymous and exotic travelogue, and it was quickly noted by those in the biz that their schoolgirl fans were not slow to hand over £20 to own a copy of the tape. Rock videos quickly became an essential buy for the self-respecting rock fan and, with only 20 per cent of all videos made actually ending up on TV, it's no wonder compilations are hitting the racks faster than you can say *Betamax*. The arrival of Video Discs, *Laservision* and now *Panasonic's* hi-fi quality VCR has made videos a *real* alternative to records.

Some even believe that fans are staying home to watch videos instead of going out to gigs and, in a depression, it makes a perverse kind of sense. Bulk buying agreements by the high street chain outlets has kept the cost of renting a video recorder down to about £16 a month, with the result that the number of VCR 'owners' has doubled each year for the past four years. The latest figures put the number of VCR owners at four million which is a larger percentage of the population than in the States. Video has become an essential part of the home. It is not only Britain's fastest (only?) growing industry, but also the most popular form of entertainment, beating going to the pub by a hefty percentage! *(Are you shure about this? – Xavier Russell.)*

And now, in addition to *TOTP*, *The Tube*, *OGWT* and *Saturday Superstore*, we have *Music Box* – a British-based cable/satellite programme comprised completely of videos and a portent of things to come. There are now 14,000 video outlets offering a total of 7,000 different tapes, about 750 of which are rock related titles.

SO WHERE do you go to have a video made? How much does it cost? And where will it be shown?

Basically, there are three choices of location; out-door, in-concert or studio. An outdoor 'shoot' can be cheaper because you don't have to pay for studio time, but that is balanced by the hazards of location filming, namely lighting and weather conditions. At the time of writing, Accept are making theirs for a knockdown price – literally. They are demolishing a house on a South London building site using a convenient crane and just a couple of cameras.

Whitesnake, however, used a showcase gig for their first release. 'Whitesnake Live', recorded at Castle Donington, highlights every effect the band has. David Coverdale explains:

"It was my suggestion to put the Donington concert out. It recorded an event – a special evening – and we made it as spectacular as possible."

David has never been keen on video and, though he claims to have "no axe to grind", finds the whole concept "alien to rock and roll". To him, it's a much abused medium . . .

"Most of the new groups look very nice on tape, but when it comes to a live situation they can't play!"

As for Billy Rankin's suggestion that videos could replace touring . . .

"I don't believe videos could *ever* take over from live concerts except in a really 'clean' climate. Industrial areas will always need live bands to get their rocks off. I don't claim to have my finger on the pulse of the video industry, but I really don't think videos are important; in fact, it surprises me they're doing so well. There is too much emphasis placed on them these days. Any band that chooses to rely on videos *solely* for exposure will be committing artistic suicide."

Despite David's doubts, 'Snake now have another video on the market, a collection of four studio-produced promos insidiously titled 'Fourplay'. Most of these 'studio performance' clips might seem basic and inexpensive but, in fact, they are anything but . . .

Director and producer Mike Mansfield, for example, who came into the video business through TV pop shows like *Supersonic*, starts talking business at £8,000 for a basic four-minute promo. However, much depends on what the artist wants to achieve and what his record company are prepared to spend. Mike whipped together Queen's ambitious 'Radio Ga Ga' clip, for instance, for £100,000, but is frequently held to a £15,000 budget.

In Queen's case, most of the money was used constructing sets to blend with those in 'Metropolis', Fritz Lang's silent sci-fi classic, clips of which were cleverly edited into the video. But how can Mansfield justify such costs?

"It's a form of advertising. They are commercials, even though they don't generate immediate revenue."

THOUGH VIDEOS seem a hell of a risk, compared to TV commercials they are positively cheap. The average soap powder ad, for example, costs the client £50,000-£200,000 for just 30 seconds and has no resale value. Some may argue that pop videos, which promised so much when they first appeared, now seem as safe and unadventurous as said 'suds' commercial, but Mike disagrees.

"When I first started, we made them for £400, but now budgets have shot up and allow for a higher degree of experimentation. You have to remember, though, that the sole purpose of producing a video is to show it on TV and, as most go out on kids' TV like *Saturday Superstore*, we aren't allowed to show certain things. We have to work to, and are limited by, the TV company's rules."

Mike has just finished work on a clip for Saxon's American single, 'Just Let Me Rock', and explained the procedure involved:

"The Saxon video took just three days, a day to build the set, a day to light it and a day to shoot it. A lot of creative energy went into that one even though it is basically just the band performing. As usual, I got a tape to listen to and then approached them with four questions: Do you want a studio set up or a location shoot? Will it be a band performance or a narrative inspired by the lyrics? If a band performance, will it be live or a mime? And what is the budget? I then discussed ideas with the group before

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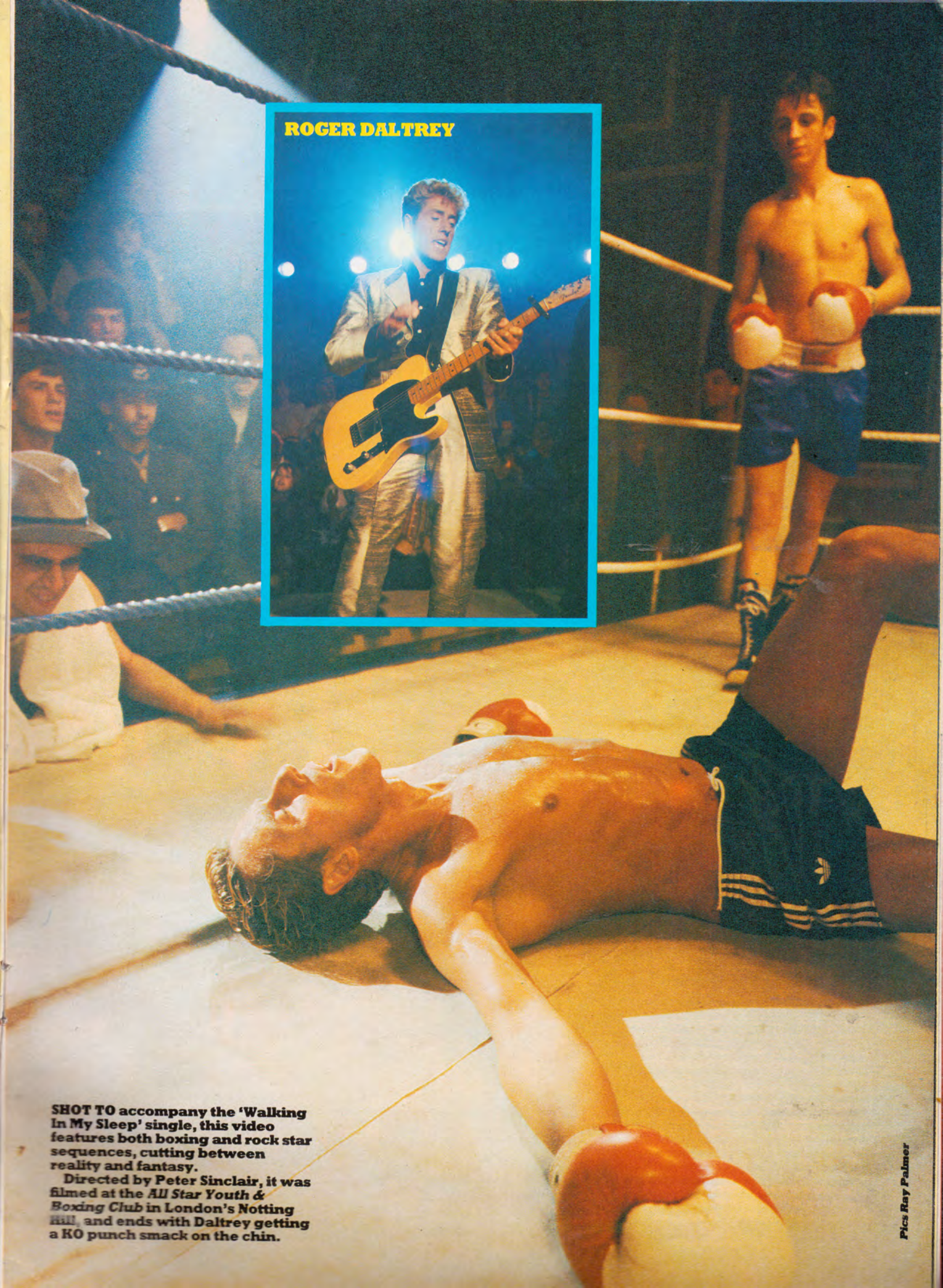

SHOT TO accompany the 'Walking In My Sleep' single, this video features both boxing and rock star sequences, cutting between reality and fantasy.

Directed by Peter Sinclair, it was filmed at the *All Star Youth & Boxing Club* in London's Notting Hill, and ends with Daltrey getting a KO punch smack on the chin.

Pics Ray Palmer

DIRECTED BY David Mallet in Battersea, the Scorpions had a budget of £50,000 for this video – shot to promote their 'Rock You Like A Hurricane' single – which features more than 250 female extras.

The band, it seems, find themselves transported through time and space to a planet where women rule and men are kept in chains. The climax comes when the Scorps play live inside a cage, causing a riot amongst the attendant gals, before returning to their point of departure – with a number of females in tow, of course!

DAVID MALLET & KLAUS MEINE
THE SCORPIONS
Pics Robert Ellis

BULLET

SHOT AT Holloway Sanatorium in Surrey to accompany Bullet's latest single, 'I Sold My Soul To Rock 'N' Roll' (taken from the album 'No Mercy'), this video was directed by Lindsay Clennell.

The plot is a variation on the 'Dr. Faust' theme, with the Devil tricking the quartet into signing a contract with him. Eventually, after surviving numerous nubile temptations, Bullet put one over on ole Nick and make off with his female associates.

Pics Robert Ellis

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submitting a storyboard which acted only as a guide as I hate being restricted."

Though biased in favour of well made videos, Mike can't see them replacing gigs.

"No matter how good a video is, it can never replace the atmosphere of a live gig. Videos are a one way experience whereas gigs require a contribution from the audience if they are to work properly. In fact, videos can actually encourage touring because they give exposure to new artists and create interest in an artist."

Those who still believe that the majority of videos are little more than commercials with better jingles, should spare a thought for that much maligned breed, the rock manager. Videos are their chance to show their 'product' to its best advantage.

I remember interviewing Police manager Miles Copeland who told me that he'd briefed Lol Creme and Kevin Godley to portray his band in "an artistic fashion". And he added: "Godley and Creme are musically orientated film makers who understand a band's need to be portrayed as artists. Most video makers just see the medium as a step towards film."

A BAND with no such artistic pretensions are cerebral bludgeoners Motorhead. Lemmy doesn't even want to *think* about the expense incurred making their second, soon to be released, video 'Live In Toronto'. Motorhead are typical of those bands who have been swept along by the video boom – forced to bow to fashion and pick up the tab the next day.

"Our fans are young and most of them are on the dole. I can't see them paying £20 for our video, I really can't. They cost far more to make than they're worth. The trouble is, people are geared to video now, and we can't afford to be left out."

As for videos replacing gigs . . .

"It's nonsense. Videos will never take over from gigs which are the life blood of rock 'n' roll. If I had the choice of watching a band on video or going to their gig, I'd choose the gig every time. If videos are replacing anything it's the radio, because in this country the radio stations are useless!"

For all his misgivings, however, Lemmy would still like the chance to make a glossy promo.

"I'd love to swing from lamposts and things like that, I've always been a real ham. The only trouble is, looking as we do, they wouldn't show it on the telly! I think Motorhead will be the first band to use a 'video nasty' as a promo!"

Another artist slightly bemused by it all is Marillion vocalist, Fish. The band now have two videos on offer: 'Recital Of The Script' and a two-track EP featuring 'Grendel' and 'The Web'.

"We are like children in the garden," confessed Fish. "At the moment, we are just finding our way through the mechanics of video."

Marillion's material cries out for visual interpretation, so why are both of their videos simply straightforward concert footage?

"We are primarily a live band. Perhaps on the next one we can use studio concepts, but we won't start thinking about such a project until someone hires the studio and the director and then tells us: 'It's on, go in and produce something'. We still have so much to learn about recording *music*. That comes first."

The BBC and ITV are currently paying no more than a nominal fee to use videos because the competition for screen time is so great and they know the record companies need the publicity. In Germany, however, the record bosses pressed the TV stations for a decent payment with the result that no videos will be shown there for some time! Naturally, our labels are not keen to try the same!

CABLE TV will complicate matters further for those involved, though we the consumers will benefit from a wider choice of programmes and a greater helping of rock videos. *Music Box* is the first UK-based rock show to be broadcast via satellite and cable using the new Sky channel. For the first month it will broadcast for just two hours a day and be picked up by 50,000 homes in Europe and 10,000 in the UK pilot area of Swindon.

Programme manager Jane Kelly promises a diet of virtually non-stop videos plus a weekly in-concert film and rock documentary, not to mention the occasional, brief celebrity interview between promos.

"Ultimately, I'd like it to be 24 hours a day as MTV is in the States."

New York-based MTV is frequently cited as the ultimate in music broadcasting, because it's 24 hours a day, seven days a week programming schedule has been responsible for introducing American viewers to a host of new English acts through their videos.

MTV's Publicity Manager, Doreen Laver, explains:

"Video is the staple diet of our station. Five VJs introduce the clips and also read the half-hourly music news. On Saturday nights we show a live concert and we also have a weekly show called 'London Calling' which highlights new English bands. The rest of the time it is an all-video promo station."

MTV began in August 1981 with a 20 million dollar investment from *Warner Bros.* and *American Express*. They rent time on a satellite which relays their signal to 2,200 cable systems servicing 18.6 million homes across the States.

"It's a very expensive business," admits Doreen. "We are not yet in profit, as popular as we are, but we hope to break even by the end of this year.

"There is no question that we have helped to break acts by playlisting their videos and the playlist is always in rotation – it's video on tap! We've married two of the strongest cultural influences, music and TV, which hadn't really been done before."

Commercially released music videos are less popular in the States than they are here due to the success of MTV and the American public's preference for video discs.

IN THE UK, however, there are a great many labels releasing dozens of new titles each month. *Picture Music International*, formed by *EMI*, are even releasing titles by artists other than their own so huge is the demand.

PMI Director, Jeff Kempin, views the high cost of video production as "an investment". He regards the video market as a "worldwide situation", and sees record shops as the ideal outlet rather than video libraries.

"We have proved there is a substantial demand to buy and keep rock videos as opposed to the overnight rental system. People who are into a particular act will also want to have a video so they can watch the group in action again and again. Visuals have always been a part of the music business whether its been stunning sleeve designs or clothes. With video you get it all wrapped up in one. When you think about it, £19.95 is quite good value. You get 20 minutes more music for that than you get on an album."

Jeff is another person who scoffs at the idea of videos taking over from gigs.

"Nothing can replace the atmosphere of a good gig, but there is obviously a desire to take that gig home with you and relive it using video. Both our Whitesnake and Marillion releases are unique 'live albums'. None of the tracks are available in the same form on record."

The consensus of opinion then is that rock videos are generally a good thing. They break new bands and preserve great gigs. No-one believes they are a serious threat to live performance, though they may in some way challenge our bland radio network, which can't be a bad thing.

Furthermore, cable TV is going to put a greater importance on videos as a means of selling records. Indeed, they may be the best hope the music business has for survival!

QUEEN, PROMO video pioneers, seen here in 'Bohemian Rhapsody' days (left) and 'Radio Ga Ga' pose (right).

MICHAEL SCHENKER

Pic: Ross Halfin

FASTWAY: a one-off gig in London . . . possibly

★ **MICHAEL SCHENKER** may have given up drink and drugs (again!) but "it doesn't mean I give up sex," he swore to *Kerrang!* He even offered us proof: his fiancée, Pam, is pregnant, expecting a mini Mickey in May. Like they always say, three's a *kraut* . . !

Schenker gave up the demon alcohol three months before popping the question to Pam, and she's been keeping him on the straight and narrow ever since – he's been staying with her in a hotel away from the rest of the degenerates in **MSG** so he won't be tempted to join in the drinking, partying and general carousing; *and* he's been getting up early to jog around Hollywood every morning. "I don't miss it a lot because I've been doing it for so many years, sex and drugs and rock and roll," reckons Schenker, "and I certainly don't miss the hangovers."

★ **EDDIE MONEY,** another rocker who's forsworn illicit substances for fresh air and *Perrier*, tied the knot with his girlfriend – apparently, a one-time Eddie Money Band camp follower – on Valentine's day, in his hometown San Francisco.

Meanwhile, **Jesse Bradman** has left Eddie's band to say 'I do' to **Aldo Nova**, who took him on his recent British tour.

★ OKAY, LET'S have equal time for the hardened drinkers. *Kerrang!* got a transatlantic call the other day from **Fast Eddie** ten minutes before the pubs opened, and he and the band are getting along fine with their next album, 'All Fired Up'. **Eddie Kramer**'s producing again, working with the group on songs like 'Stranger' ("a steaming ballad"), 'Hung Up On Love' and a number they did as an encore on the US tour, 'Telephone'.

"We've got a couple," chuckled Eddie, "of what I'd say could turn out to be classics of our time. We're going in the same direction as the last LP, but we're a year on, as it were. It's just a natural progression of the band's already developed style, only it's coming together a lot easier."

They're planning a US tour as soon as the album's ready, and there's the possibility of a one-off gig in London.

"In our business, you've got to go where people like to hear you," said Eddie. "The attitude of the press over here hasn't done anything for the band at all, really. In fact, if it wasn't for magazines like *Kerrang!*, I don't think we would have shone at all over here. But, as I say, it's different in America. We're not aiming our material at the States but, without the American side being so popular, I don't think we would have been asked to do a second album."

★ IN OUR 'Tanks For Everything' department: **Phil Ehart** and **Rich Williams** of **Kansas, Rick Nielsen, Robin Zander** and **Bun E. Carlos** of **Cheap Trick**, ex-**Doobie Brother Patrick Simmons, Leon Medica** of **Le Roux** and **Corry Lerios** and **David Jenkins** of **Pablo Cruise** got together on a project which will take them overseas to play 12 concerts for the American Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines. It's the first time rock bands have done anything of the kind – the forces usually get entertained by middle-aged platinum blondes and comedians – and it was Phil Ehart's idea.

"Our main inspiration," he said, "is simply that we want to do something good."

★ **TOTO** WILL be doing the soundtrack for the upcoming sci-fi movie *'Dune'*, thanks to **David Paich**'s dad, **Marty Paich**, who's arranging the music. **Sting** of **Police** fame has a starring role in the film.

★ **QUIET RIOT** are keeping mum – **Kevin DuBrow**'s mum to be precise! He's taken Ma on as his personal manager "because your mother," he opined, "is not about to screw you!"

★ FRIEND OF **Nancy Reagan**, foe of **Rocky** and TV star **Mr. T** grabbed one of **Nancy Wilson**'s guitars and jammed with **Heart** at the *Rosemont Horizon* in Chicago, after popping backstage, confessing to being a big fan of the band, and tunelessly crooning a medley of their songs.

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KILL EFRWATT!!

MAX KAY runs riot at the recent Frankfurt Trade Show.

WITH THE possible exception of **Gibson**, it seemed that everyone and his brother had come prepared and armed to the teeth for this year's Frankfurt musical instrument trade show. The manufacturers were stocked to the gills with product, most of it brand new, some of it inspirational, and much of it merely watered down rip-offs of what has gone before.

Carrying enough film on my person to reshoot the entire first half of *Gandhi*, I made a beeline for the **Bond** guitar stand, which rapidly became the talk of the show; something to do with the fact that they didn't actually have anything to exhibit for the first two days of the event. Here I met resident host **Johnny Turnbull**, previously of the **Blockheads**, and now of the **Eurythmics**.

However, there were several *good* reasons why the Bond stand created something of a stir. A new guitar has been launched – it's claimed to be very different and, even more surprisingly, its inventor is British. His name is **Andrew Bond**, and for 11 years he's been beavering away, researching and designing this guitar under the patronage of **Dave Gilmour**.

The production of this guitar, which is to take place somewhere in Scotland, looks set to make Mr Bond England's most prominent guitar maker since the days of **Jim Burns**.

The Bond is an all-in-one guitar moulded from carbonfibre, the neck of which constitutes the real area of innovation – it has no frets. Instead, we find a step or sawtooth effect when you hold the guitar sideways, facilitating speed of playing, not to mention saving you money on refrets, and resulting in more accurate intonation and fretting for the musician.

Electronics are rather delightful and simulate a tiny corner of NASA Space Control. There are touch sensitive controls, coupled with red and green LEDs to adjust tone and volume and to aid you in your pickup selection. Added to this is a digital readout to tell you how loud you're being, how bassy you've become and just how trebly you could be.

All clever stuff but for one or two minor details, the first of which is the actual sound of the Bond guitar. On first hearing it didn't exactly blow me away.

The price of the guitar also gives rise to concern. Originally, it was to have retailed for around £400 and then, halfway through the Frankfurt Show, Bond raised the price a full 50 per cent to nearer the £600 mark!

To add further fuel to this controversy, Bond insist they will produce a really cheap version of the guitar for about £200, though not for a couple of years. Now, according to my ever so reliable sources, the price of carbon fibre will have to plummet considerably before we see this instrument on the market.

STEINBERGER had no new product on display this year, but when you already manufacture two of the very finest instruments in the world, one's need is not so great. However, they have decided to license certain companies, one of which is **Cort**, to produce instruments carrying their revolutionary tuning technique, utilising the double ball end string system. This license, though, does not cover such aspects of the Steinberger as the pivoting strap harness, the detachable leg rest, pickups, electronics, or indeed the unique body shape which is now a registered trademark.

These Cort guitars and basses come in all shapes and sizes. There's one in a headless **Stratocaster** shape which looks as if a demented musician has taken a bite right out of the bottom of the instrument, where, incidentally, the famous tuning system is located. The other models in the range include a bass that looks like a Steinberger with the sides squeezed in, and a **Flying V**-type headless bass.

Some of the better products on show were at the **Trace Elliot** amplification stand, which also housed **Rob Green**'s unique **Status** series of electric instruments. These headless guitars and basses commanded and enjoyed a lot of respect from those who visited the show, not least of whom was bassist **Mark King** who gave several demos on Status and Trace Elliot equipment.

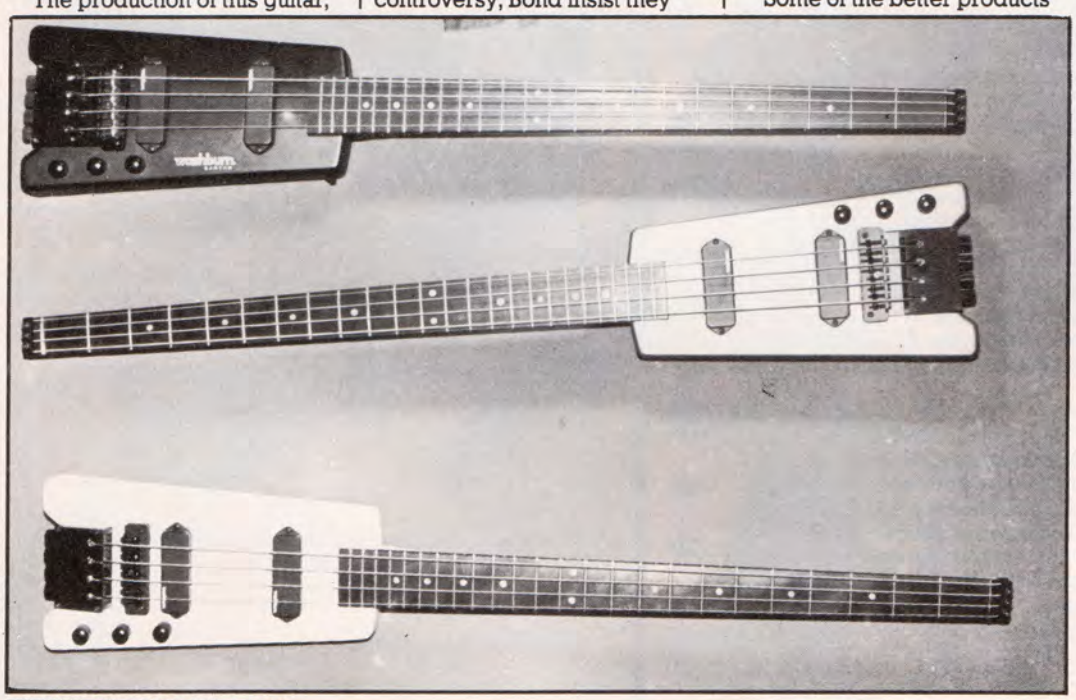
My personal congratulations go to Trace Elliot supremo **Fred Friedlein** who took my recent criticisms to heart concerning the covering, or rather lack of covering, on his range of Trace Elliot amplifiers. Fred has now gone all the way and decided to cover his cabinets in an extremely durable vinyl which is used by Rolls Royce as head lining for their range of automobiles.

EMG had no new product on display, preferring instead to content themselves and their public with the superb range they already have.

Over at the **Marshall** stand, the new 100 watt combo was on display, while **Tokai** were showing off a new range that looks, and more importantly is built, nothing like the old one. This new series of instruments is called the **Talbo** range, and their bodies are not made of wood, carbon graphite or other such compounds; they are made of metal and referred to by Tokai as T-alloy. In looks, they resemble the rear end of a mid-Fifties Cadillac, yum-yum, and double humbucker and triple single coil pickup configurations will be available.

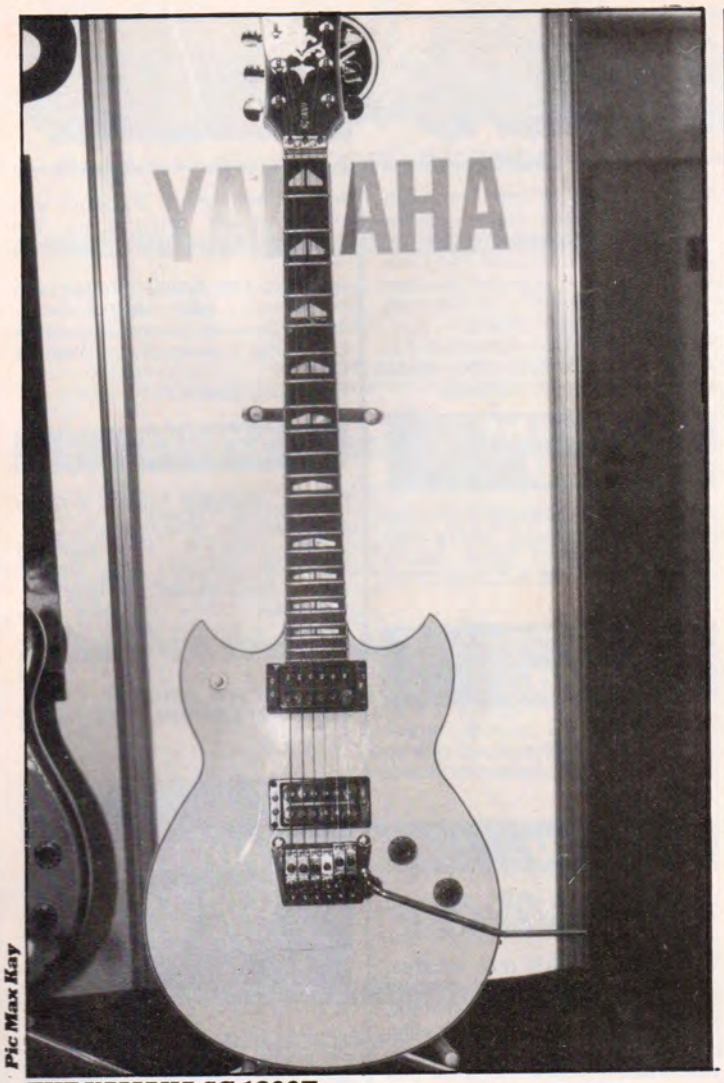
Though I always hate to give credit where credit is due, Hall 9 at Frankfurt had on display some very fine hand made guitars from the workshop of young German guitar builder, **Boris Dommenget**. This is not a large scale operation, and these beautifully crafted instruments, which retail under the name of **Anyway**, are available to your own specifications.

MOST OF the drum companies seemed a little out of context next to the **Simmons** stand where by far the most interesting drums were on show. New **SDS7** and **SDS8** kits have now been added to the range, covering both ends of the market. Verdict . . . nice product, nice people . . . and they're British!



Pic Max Kay

WASHBURN BANTAMS



Pic Max Kay

THE YAMAHA SG 1300T

The **BC Rich** folk made a very good job of flexing their muscles at their rather grandiose stand. Here was to be found the whole of their guitar range, from the American products to the new Japanese **NJ** series. On hand to demonstrate their fine wares to the trade, the public and the ARD German television company was guitar player extraordinaire **Rick Derringer**, whose **DNA** album (recorded with drummer **Carmine Appice**) is currently available.

Models that I saw on the stand included the 10-string **BC Rich Bich**, the **Bich Six**, the eight-string **Bich Bass**, the **Warlock** with single or double pickups in tremelo and non-tremelo options, the **Warlock Bass**, and such older, classic BC Rich designs as the **Eagle** and **Mockingbird** guitars and basses.

Other newies were the **Wave** guitar and bass and the **Stealth** which Derringer played for most of the show when he wasn't busy designing guitars in his off-duty hours.

The BC Rich **Spider** bass has been the centre of much interest in the *Kerrang!* office. On further investigation, I learnt that this is not part of the American BC Rich range, but rather a one-off produced by the company for LA musician **Blackie Lawless** of **W.A.S.P.**

Alembic displayed their new wares which included the **Spoiler Bass**. This company continues to produce basses of the very highest quality, though it seems a shame to me they've never seen fit to try and crack the lower end of the market. Product on the stand included the **Exploiter**, which has the Alembic **Explorer** shape much favoured by **John Entwistle**, the Exploiter eight-string bass, the **Distillate**, the **Scorpion** and the **Scorpion SL**.

The **Fender** stand had all of their new ranges on display, including the jazz-style **D'Aquisto** range which forms part of their **Master Series**.

Yamaha, meanwhile, offered their very first model with a tremelo arm, the **Chapman Stick** amazed and amused, **Rockman** now have a **Bass Rockman**, and **Seymour Duncan** introduced his **Convertible** amp with facilities and a price to match the **Mesa Boogie**.

Well, the doctor's blown his whistle and it's time for this old cripple to call it a show. The plane awaits me at Frankfurt airport and quite honestly, I'm relieved that's it for another year. Whoopee . . .

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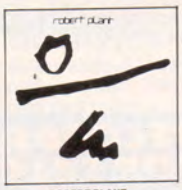

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SINGLES

Reviewed by GEOFF BARTON

DESTRUCTORS V: 'TV Eye' (Criminal Damage)

Way back in the mists of time the sleazoid Stooges recorded this little genocide-gem. It hasn't dated one iota, cos even today the Ig's sneering voice and Asheton's stun guitar send shivers – no, make that *seismic tremors* – up the spine.

I doubt if the original will ever be surpassed and this just-about-competent version by the strangely-named Destructors V has no chance.

DONNIE IRIS: 'Do You Compute?' (MCA)

Compulsive! A kinda anthemic cross betwixt Howard Jones' 'What Is Love?', VH's controversial-but-commercial 'Jump' and Rick Springfield's techno-shocker 'Human Touch', Donnie Iris (who he?) prompted the kollective *Kerrang!* office ears to perk up and lissen with awed interest. A sparse, steadily building, ultra-modern sound brings AOR into the Eighties with a vengeance.

KING CRIMSON: 'Sleepless' (EG)

Too clever by half – a frantic, fragmented mish-mash of jubilant jazz-funk styles fails to disguise rock roots firmly planted in the early Seventies.

Come back '21st Century Schizoid Man', all is forgiven. Or are the Crimsos gonna let Myles Goodwin have it *all* his own way?

RAGE: 'Cry From A Hill' (Carrere)

A valiant attempt to create a stirrin', scarf wavin', Slade-style football terrace titillator.

Doesn't quite work, but thudola 'Take On The World'-type rivvums and highly emotive vocals raise it well above run-of-the-mill.

JOHNNY THUNDERS: 'Hurt Me' (New Rose)

I was expecting a stunning, stumbling slice of undisciplined, anarcho-rock 'n' roll, not this tragically wimpish embarrassment.

Over delicate 'Zep 3' acoustic guitar, Mr T whimpers wistfully, mournfully and *meaningfully* – initially reminiscent of nothing less than a castrated (or should that be *splayed*?) Cat Stevens.

I was about to consign this to the bin when I suddenly realised . . . I really liked it! There's no accounting for taste – better make that *wondrously* wimpish . . .

LEE AARON: 'Shake It Up' (Attic)

Shake it up, eh? Woo-hoo-hooaah! That's it, Lee! *Go* for it!

Ahem . . . actually, I wish this record excited me as much as the title, but the truth is Ms 'Ard-on fails to convince on this plodding, barely decent offering.

Pat Benatar could handle the song beautifully, effortlessly . . . but Lee sweats and strains and really has to grit her teeth and grimace to wring out that raunch. It's disappointing, to say the least.

HEAVY PETTIN: 'Love Times Love' (Polydor)

A gruesome pic disk variation on the Tom Petty And The Heartbreakers logo theme (see it and believe it) enhances a lightning fast, Lep-like toon with considerable chart potential.

Pettin are surely the best young HR band around in the UK today – and if May/Mack continue at the production controls, surely megadom can't be too far away. Love it!

TOKYO BLADE: 'Midnight Rendezvous/Mean Streak/If Heaven Is Hell/Highway Passion' (Powerstation EP)

I played this 'un directly after Pettin and, good though it is, the dynamic differences were screamingly apparent.

'Blade are good singers, good players (as Grand Funk would say) but they lack the vital sparks of enthusiasm, confidence and, yes, even *genius* to set 'em apart from the pack. It's a shame, because it's obvious that they pulled out all the stops during the recording of this here EP.

But it's no good busting your guts if, at the end of the day, all you're left with is a mess on the floor.

HALL AND OATES: 'Adult Education' (RCA)

I'm afraid the sleek, stylish, so utterly *poised* Hall And Oates continually fail to move me. With their moustachio'd and moody/blond and bright-eyed (dodgy) image, this dilettante duo – to my warped mind, at least – are all gloss 'n' dross when they *should* be ruff 'n' tuff. I'll pass.

KINGDOMS: 'Heartland' (Regard)

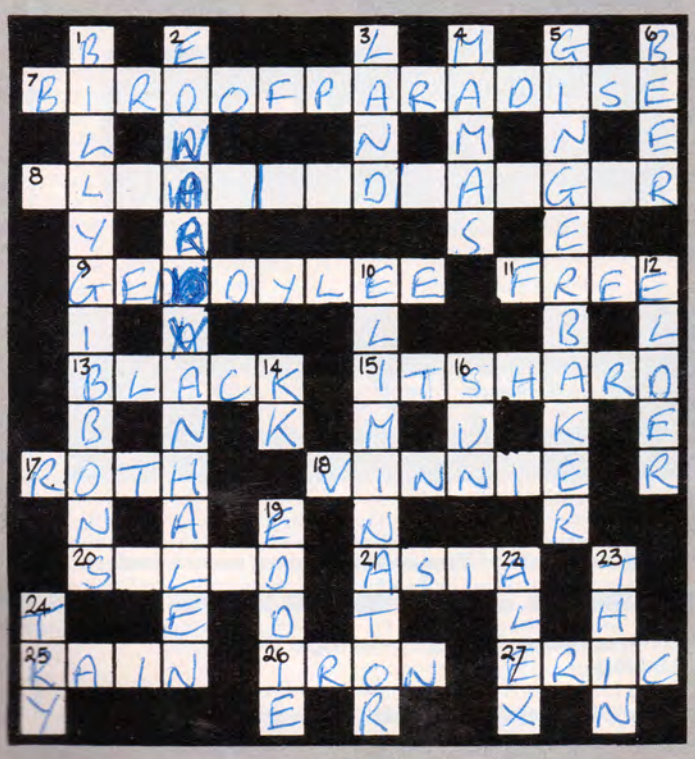
With a name like Kingdoms, a song titled 'Heartland' and a support tour with Big Country under their belt, I expected this single to be a giant, brooding slice of rural rock 'n' roll.

In actual fact, nothing could be further from the truth. Soulless synthipop, this really could be anybody – Fiction Factory, Re-Flex, Thompson Twins, Icicle Works . . . you name it! I thought I'd left this junk behind when I split from *Sounds* . . .

X: 'The New World' (Elektra)

. . . Talking of which, this lot were always highly rated by people on That Other Music Paper. A quirky slice of Americana, produced by the band's manager, ex-Doorsman Ray Manzarek, I must admit however that it's difficult to envisage 'The New World' appealing to traditional British musical tastes.

CONTINUES OVER



KERROSSWORD!

ACROSS

7 Does Snowy keep one in a cage? (4.2.8)
8 A touch of espionage from Witchfynde (5.3.6)
9 His bass said bye-bye to monarchs (5.3)
11 They paired fire with water (4)
13 Colour best suited to Iommi and Butler (5)
15 A 'touching' revelation from the Who (3.4)
17 A mate of 2 down (4)
18 Kissable Vincent (6)
20 Wilko Johnson led these Senders (5)
21 A top continental band (4)
25 Quo's precipitation (4)
26 Maiden/Butterfly (4)
27 . . . And Bloom/Bell (4)

DOWN

1 Can he dance the Fandango? (5.7)
2 . . . And did he really put women and children first? (6.3.5)
3 The Enid have one full of hope and glory (4)
4 Whose Boys turn it up? (5)
5 His drumming won him a 'Badge' (6.5)
6 Motorhead's fave tipple? (4)
10 A deciding contest between 1 down and two others? (10)
12 Older than 18 across? (5)
14 He helps defend the faith (1.1)
16 It went down on 23 down (3)
19 Just Clarke (5)
22 . . . And Lifeson (4)
23 . . . And Phil's Lizzy (4)
24 You can make it, if you do this, claimed the Stones (3)

SOLUTION

ACROSS: 1. Bird Of Paradise 8. Cloak And Dagger 9. Geddy Lee 11. Free 13. Black 15. It's Hard 17. Roth 18. Vinnie 20. Solid 21. Asia 25. Rain 26. Iron 27. Eric.

DOWN: 1. Billy Gibbons 2. Edward Van Halen 3. Land 4. Mama's 5. Ginger Baker 6. Beer 10. Elimination 12. Elder 14. KK 16. Sun 19. Eddie 22. Alex 23. Thin 24. Try.

Next issue on sale March 22

SINGLES

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Pic Fin Costello

TED: back with a bang!

TED NUGENT: 'Tied Up In Love' (Atlantic)

And there I was thinking the Nug was past it. Taken from his renaissance LP 'Penetrator', 'Tied Up In Love' is a bruising blockbuster of the highest order, containing a particularly stirring performance from ace vocal find Brian Howe. Less indulgent than the Ted of the 'Scream Dream' era, this is a riotous return to his 'Stormtroopin' ' heyday. Dynamite!

HELL: 'Save Us From Those Who Would Save Us/Deathsquad' (Deadly Weapon)

Hilariously inept amateur hour demonic ramblings.

LYDADRIVE: 'Anytime/White Dress' (Bridge Records)

Undistinguished keyboard-dominated British rock, although not without a certain naive charm. Namedropping Neil (sic) Kay in your press release is a definite no-no, however!

BOB SEGER: 'Old Time Rock 'N' Roll' (Capitol)

Stirring honky-tonk barroom boogie-woogie choogalo thump-a-lump stuff.

Probably fine as part of the soundtrack to the film *Risky Business* . . . although it has to be said that 'risky business' this song most definitely *ain't*.

DIRE STRAITS: 'Love Over Gold/Solid Rock' (Vertigo)

Elsewhere in this issue Mark Knopfler makes some scathing comments about the quality of so-called 'live' recordings, bemoaning the retouching that goes on in studios before they're deemed fit for public consumption.

'Love Over Gold' and 'Solid Rock' are therefore presented here *as they happened*, warts and all, on a kind of professional bootleg basis.

All well and good, but would I be rocking the boat if I said that I *prefer* to hear a bit of sheen and refinement, that I actually *like* my live cuts to be doctored? Probably . . .

HEADPINS: 'Just One More Time/I've Heard It All Before' (Solid Gold)

'Just One More Time', the obvious single choice from the 'Line Of Fire' album, is nonetheless rather pedestrian, featuring an unfortunately histrionic vocal performance from gal singer Darby Mills. Close your eyes and it could be Afton, Cliff Barnes' girlfriend from *Dallas!* Flipside 'I've Heard It All Before' is simply second-rate Suzi Quatro.

BABY TUCKOO: 'Mony Mony' (Ultranoise)

Titanic reworking of the age-old Tommy James And The Shondells classic, grittily, beefily activated by producer John Verity. Very impressive.

DAVID GILMOUR: 'Blue Light' (Harvest)

Remarkably non-Floydian Moody Blues-meet-Modern Romance feel to this one. Definite dancefloor possibilities, although Gilmour's lazy, lacklustre vocals will probably prevent people from *really* gettin' down.

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'FIELD OF FIRE

One time American teen idol RICK SPRINGFIELD toughens up his act for the benefit of hard man HOWARD JOHNSON

BLINK . . . BLINK . . . and blink again! Whaaatt?! I was positioned in fave reclining position of a Saturday night, feet on coffee table, can of *Skol*-handed and ready for an evening of quiet relaxation, when my glazzies popped out of the ol' mayhem-infested noggin perched on top of me shoulders. Talk about injustice!

There was super-smooth 'n' slick *Radio One* DJ Paul 'No jokes, please, we're friends' Gambaccini bobbing precariously on some kinda deformed canoe, looking greener by the minute. "Sounds like justice to me mate," I hear ya holler, but the smile spreading across my face was soon wiped into oblivion by the sight of Hong Kong passing behind the interwiewer and by equally super-smooth 'n' slick Rock Star Rick Springfield answering the same kinda dumb-ased quessies I'd posed but days earlier in blasted London! Now I know Rick's album ain't dubbed 'Ligging It Up', but something here was pointing me to the conclusion that 'twas I who had pulled the straw of decidedly shorter length. Ullo John, got a free trip then!?

Ah, c'mon, quit the moaning, eh? Yeah, OK, we'll talk Springfield and . . . er . . . 'Living In Oz', Rick's third *RCA* album which develops the rock/pop phenomenon to an unprecedented degree. Y'know, the genre's been bobbing around for quite a while already, what with the thrusting white theatrics of Angel and Starz, yet with these acts it was always Metal chomping at the bit, ahead of the pop tendencies. Springfield, however, has given mass acceptance to a medium dabbled in by Kiss during their 'Unmasked' period and the brilliant Babys *circa* 'Union Jacks'.

The fact that Rick Springfield has a pretty face has helped both his US and UK assaults but, by his own admission: "There's nothing more dead than an old teenage idol". There's more to this particular shrewdie than marketing and make-up, cos he's experienced the same hardships (and maybe worse) as any 'Bad News' *bona fide* struggling HM outfit.

"THE PEOPLE who brought me over to the States from Australia were doing very little for me, so I wanted out eventually. In the traditional American way, we started suing each other, which isn't too healthy when you don't have any money! I had signed everything over to them so I couldn't do anything, and here I was, living in the most horrendous part of Hollywood!

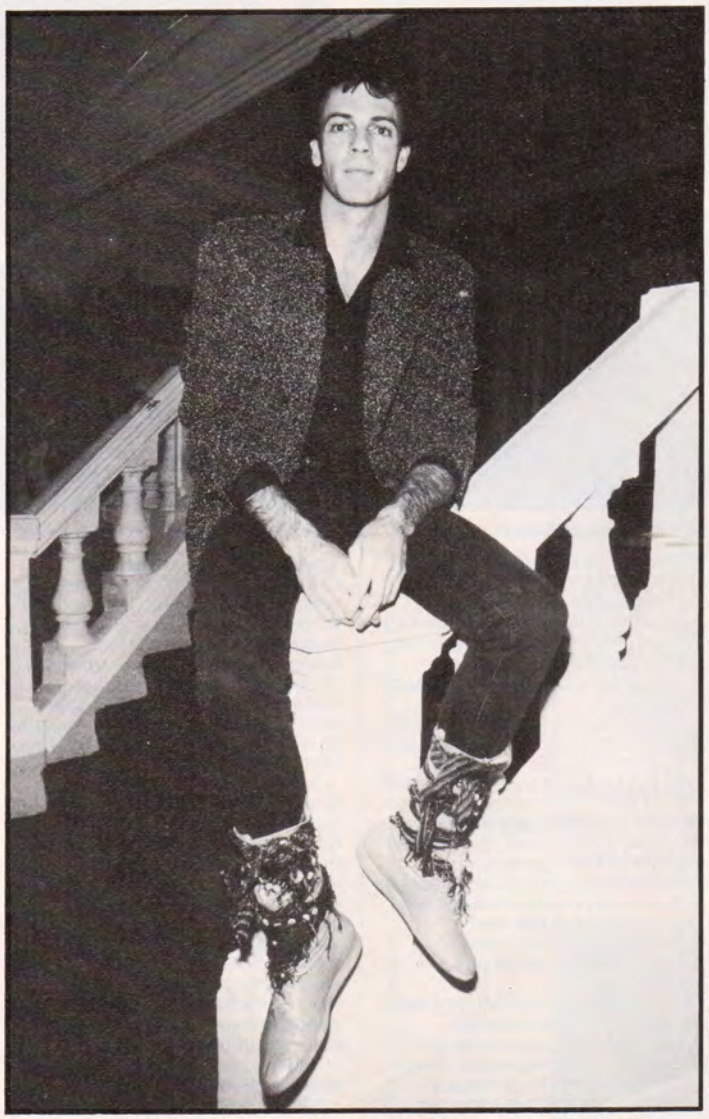
"I decided to go to acting class so that at least I could continue doing something creative, and soon I found myself really enjoying it. I went there for three years until I got an agent and all the while I kept telling my class-mates that I was only filling in until my music picked up again.

"I ended up getting more involved in acting than I ever thought I would. I got together with a girlfriend, rented out a $75 weekend theatre and put on a one act play after a month's work. We sent out flyers to all the casting people and, of course, only one turned up, a guy from *Universal Pictures*, but amazingly enough he liked my acting and gave me a contract!

"I actually ended up working for nearly four years," he continues. "I got some pretty decent roles in things like 'The Incredible Hulk' and 'The Rockford Files' (decent? This boy's been eating hamburgers for too long!). I even got a part in the first 'Battlestar Galactica' – I was blown up in the first three minutes! Everything was going just fine when all of a sudden my contract folded and I was out of work for eight months."

And if I said this guy's life was beginning to run like a soap opera, then you quick young things out there would know what I was getting at, wouldn't you? You wouldn't!?

"At the same time that I got the *RCA* record deal – on the strength of demos done at home – I went for an audition for some soap opera which I'd heard nothing about called 'General Hospital'. I got the part, but wasn't sure whether or not to take it because the music side was finally picking up. I sure was broke, however, so that settled the matter."



RICK: at the forefront of the rock/pop phenomenon

Pic Ray Palmer

AND FROM such practical beginnings the wet dream fantasy of bored American housewives the length and breadth of that immense country was born – the lady-killer doctor with the dashing good looks who in reality (ha!) earned his corn as a hip-thrusting rock star!

Amazingly, 'General Hospital' soared to Number One in the ratings and 'Working Class Dog', Rick's debut LP for *RCA*, immediately ate its own words and leapt up the charts, thanks to 'Jessie's Girl' and Hagar's 'I've Done Everything For You'. With no sign of the po-faced *AOR* 'How many stations did we pick up this week?' blandola attitude, Springfield put his balls to the wall, didn't play on his looks and put his bleedin' dog on the cover too, ugly thing that it is!

"Programmers remembered me because they liked '76's 'Wait For The Night' LP (released on an independent label), but I was not a star. I needed something more to attract attention so I put my dog on the cover – in a shirt and tie!"

And the ploy worked – 'Working Class Dog' turned double platinum, so, naturally enough, the theme was retained for 'Success Hasn't Spoiled Me Yet', more tongue-in-cheek pop/rock of impeccable quality for us smart boys in the know!

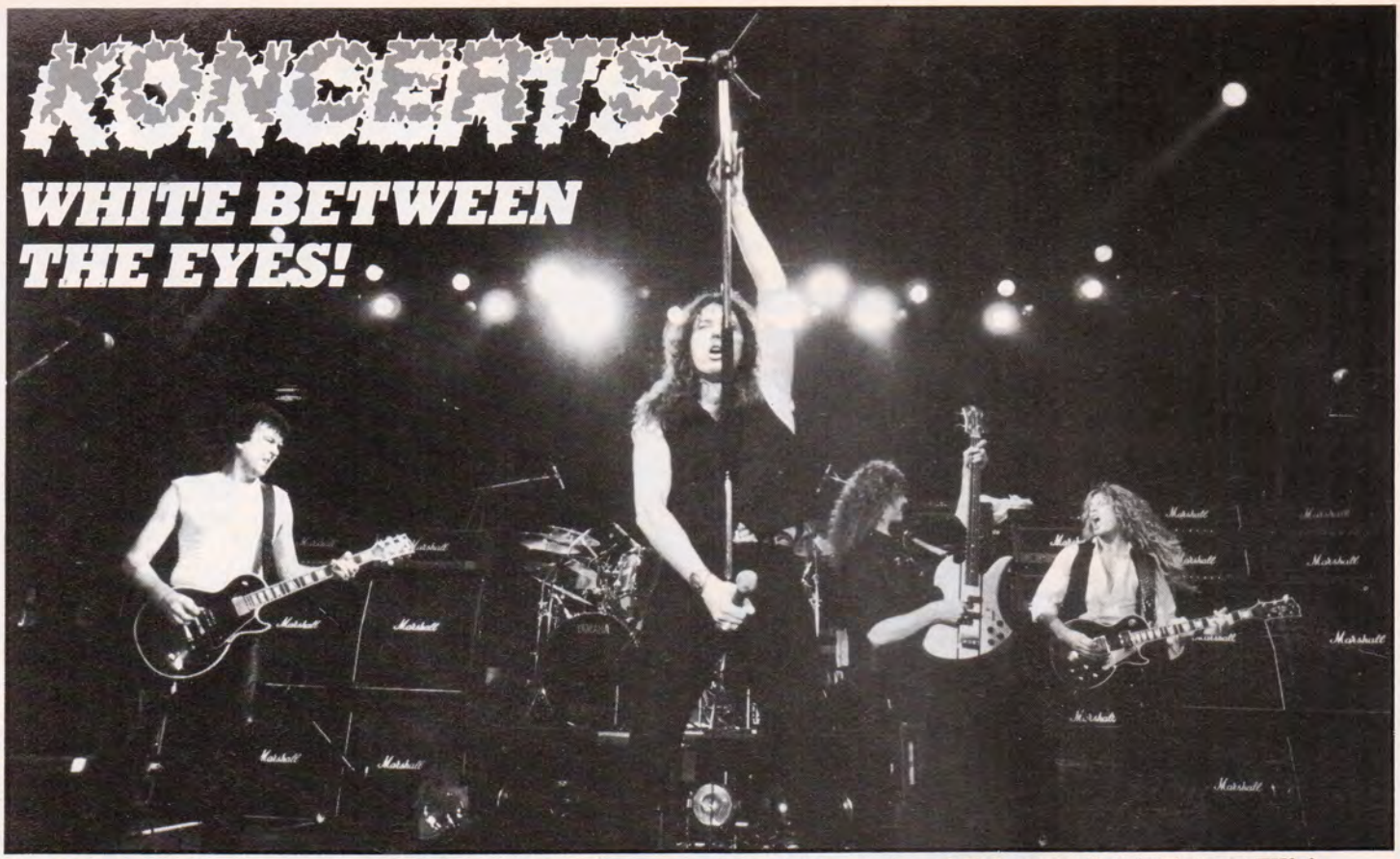
Rick Springfield's career has since continued on an upward spiral, with last year's 'Living In Oz' spectacle of might proving noticeably harder than his previous work, complete with better (read bigger) production and a more positive array of songs.

'Living . . .' has now chalked up over 1.3 million sales in the US, which is hardly surprising when a perusal of the album's material reveals such diamond dogs as the insistent title track, the total rocky power of 'Motel Eyes' (rude 'n' all: *'there was something wicked about the way she flexed her thighs'*), and the excellently original closer, 'Like Father, Like Son'.

Really, now that his 'cleaner than clean' image has evaporated, there's no reason why you shouldn't put even more money in his pocket. You'll be happy, he'll be happy, we'll all be happy . . . if I get my trip to Hong Kong next time around, that is!

KONCERTS

WHITE BETWEEN THE EYES!



Pic Robert Ellis

WHITESNAKE: "a leaner, more vital unit than of yore . . . less of a home for old bluesers" (pic Robert Ellis)

WHITESNAKE/GREAT WHITE
Ulster Hall, Belfast

INSIDE THE hall, the road crew are breaking down Great White's gear while 'Undercover Of The Night' thumps out of the PA. Outside, the khaki army jeeps, their backs open to reveal combat soldiers cradling sleek-barrelled armalite rifles, roam the Belfast city limits. Armed police watch warily as hundreds of fans are turned away from the already capacity-full venue.

'Keep off the street 'cause you're in danger' snarls Mick Jagger, as thousands of feet shuffle round the hall and a volatile audience eagerly awaits the start of what has become an all too rare event in this troubled city: a performance by one of Britain's major rock bands. Earlier, Great White vocalist Jack Russell underlined this consequence of the civil disorder in Northern Ireland:

"There's a lot of bands afraid to come here, 'cause this is a pretty tough town," he shouted. "But *we've* come here all the way from LA to rock with you tonight." His comments drew a rousing cheer from an audience already hungry for rock, their appetites further sharpened by lifelong exposure to the extremes of living in a battle zone.

Great White put in a tidy performance, working hard for their money. 'Substitute', the old Who song, was an early crowd-pleaser, while 'Out Of The Night', 'On Your Knees' and 'I Don't Need No Doctor' were all forceful no-nonsence headbanging deliveries. Although they show promise, Great White's problem is a distinct lack of good songs. Energetic and precise, they know all the riffs and execute them with fearless bravado but, at present, there's nothing distinctive to latch on to and their overall set suffers from a lack of imagination. It's bread and butter Metal, which they do better than most, but Great White pale into insignificance alongside great Whitesnake. No contest . . .

Whipping straight into 'Gambler', which segues into 'Guilty Of Love', the full force of the 'Snake is unleashed. The sound, previously a bit thin for Great White, is now fully fleshed out, the bottom end pumping remorselessly to the back of the hall.

This is only the fourth date for the new Whitesnake line-up, but certain things are immediately clear, i.e. John Sykes is A Star, and Coverdale has got some real competition on his hands with this laddie sharing the stage. To his credit, the vocalist has always been generous in showcasing the individual talents in his band, and that experience will help him harness the raw, aggressive energy of "sexy Sykesy" (as I heard one girl describe him).

With Sykes and Neil Murray back in the band, Whitesnake has become a leaner, more vital unit than of yore. The corporate image is stronger (three long shaggy-heads now), the strokes sharper and the band less of a home for old bluesers.

Mel Galley, whom Coverdale has dubbed "the great unsung hero of Whitesnake", plays tirelessly cohesive guitar and the occasional whirlwind solo. While it is the charismatic Sykes who effortlessly carries off the bouquets, Galley is nevertheless much closer to the heart of Whitesnake and, for all the attention garnered by Sykes, at the end of the day it is *his* guitar that acts as the touchstone of the band's sound.

The guitars tend to sound a bit too similar and it would improve matters no end if Sykes were to leave the chunky *Gibson/Marshall* stuff to Galley and find himself a more imaginative sound. The intro to 'Crying In The Rain', where Sykes plays some *really* tasty tremelo-aided licks on a red *Stratocaster*, provides a glimpse of the possibilities. His sound should contrast with Galley's, not crowd him out.

The hirsute Jon Lord plays peerless keyboards. The intro to 'Love Ain't No Stranger' is a particularly attractive passage while, in keeping with tradition, the Lord also gets his five minutes of solo fame ("Music to f**k to", as Coverdale so elegantly introduces it), running through the whole routine from classical to boogie-woogie, giving the old *Hammond* its nightly thrashing to loud cheers from the audience.

And what of the old crooner himself? Well, either he's put on weight or his trousers have got tighter (probably both), but next to the lissom grace of Sykes and the lanky Murray our David looks just a bit creaky. No matter, the man rocks on, proudly displaying his unrepentantly vulgar catalogue of stage antics – microphone and stand as all-purpose phallus, hand never far from his cock and his crutch forever thrusting towards the faces of the eager young fans crammed against the front of the stage. Anyone for lollipops?

More importantly, the Coverdale voice is in formidable shape – a gritty surge of power carrying the strong, confident melodies that typify the Whitesnake repertoire. The new songs, such as 'Love Ain't No Stranger' and the epic 'Slow 'N' Easy', take their place comfortably alongside established favourites like, 'Ready An' Willing', 'Here I Go Again' and an especially moving 'Ain't No Love In The Heart Of The City', two choruses of which were sung a capella by an ecstatic audience who knew the feeling as well as the words of the song.

And yes, Cozy Powell manages to top the old '1812 Overture' solo with his most spectacularly-staged routine to date. Accompanied this time by the stirring 'Mars, The Bringer Of War' from Gustav Holst's 'The Planets', intercut with extracts from Tomita's electronic version, Powell sets new standards in stage-show bombast – the Ken Russell of rock'n'roll! Extraordinary domino-conglomerations of lights, a massive Catherine wheel firework, a revolving lightshow, deafening explosions and pillars of flame rack the stage in a series of panoramic effects while Powell hunches in the driving seat, head bowed and arms flailing.

Encores of 'Slide It In' and 'Don't Break My Heart Again' close a stupendous show, and for once a note of cheer rings out in the Belfast night.

DAVID SINCLAIR

DIAMOND HEAD
Marquee, London

TOUTED FOR the last two years in Heavy Metal circles as 'the next big thing', Diamond Head now find themselves up against the ropes, receiving more than their fair share of Frank Bruno-style upper cuts. Now, without a recording deal, it's a case of 'do or die' for the one-time golden boys who could do no wrong.

Following their ill-fated Hammersmith Odeon show last year, choosing the Soho sweatbox to showcase their new, lean 'n' mean, rock 'n' pomp machine (*cliche, cliche*) proved a wise move. From the swirling keyboard and outrageous funk-rock intro, it was obvious that the band had returned with a vengeance. No more Micky Mouse pop-style posturing, just fine music delivered with equal amounts of sweat 'n' class.

Like a band reborn, the Head roared through all their stage faves, revamping each and every one, with Josh Phillips-Gorse's keyboards providing the melody and Brian Tatler using his guitar more inventively than ever before. The other major change of late has been the addition of bassist David Williams, a player from the Stanley Clarke funk school but with a total feel for the music and a unique hard rock sound.

With no passengers in the band, all the songs reached their full potential, none more so than 'I Need Your Love', which still sounds like a Number One single to me, whilst retaining its bombastic rhythmic drive and chainsaw hook.

'SCHOK T

All pics Peter Cronin/Redfern

VENOM: "Noise for the sake of noise . . ."

ACTICS

THE KERRANG! 'AARD NUTS GO CLOG-HOPPING IN ZWOLLE

THE AARDSCHOK FESTIVAL: VENOM, METALLICA, TOKYO BLADE, SAVAGE, HORIZON
Zwolle, Holland

WELL, I must say, I was pleasantly surprised with this here *Aardschok* Festival. And I'm glad I took Neil Jeffries' advice (he reported on last year's bash) by not wearing a Journey T-shirt – he's right, I would've been lynched. Instead, I played safe and wore a *Kerrang!* sweatshirt, which went down a storm with the faithful.

With a Meat Madras from the night before still taking its toll, I caught the 8.00am BA (Bloody Awful) flight to Amsterdam feeling like death warmed up. Accompanying your Bourbon Baron on this trip were 'snapper' Pete 'I hate being surrounded by Instamatic cameras' Cronin and new boy Darren *History Of Rock* Crook, already dubbed 'the Criminal'.

Once in Amsterdam, our aim was to get in a bit of 'window shopping', but time didn't permit such luxuries as we were running behind schedule. Instead, we all piled into a tacky but efficient train which took us to a place called Zwolle. On the way, we saw three windmills and plenty of Dutch 'eadbangers, most of them looking like rejects from a horror film. They certainly like their Venom here, and almost every denim jacket I saw had at least one mention of Cronos and co on it somewhere.

On arriving in Zwolle, we were greated to a right royal Dutch welcome with firecrackers flying all over the place – frightening but funny! The venue itself, meanwhile, resembled an old aircraft hangar and was crammed to the rafters. Anyway, enough of this waffle and on to **Horizon** . . .

XAVIER RUSSELL

HAVING HEARD the demo tape from this four-piece Dutch band, I settled at the stage-side hoping they'd be as good live – I needn't have worried; they put in a great performance and went down a treat with the crowd. With ex-Picture member Shmoulik Avigal on vocals, the band – comprising Jack Nobelen on guitar, Marc Van Reusel on bass and Arthur Van Loon (!) on drums – have been together about seven months and want nothing more than to "make a good album". They do, however, want to visit England as they believe it to be "the heavy rock capital of the world", and Marc "wants to have ze English girls" (you take the English ones and I'll have the Dutch ones, mate!).

I think that the band, given time, could make a sizeable impression on this side of the North Sea, their live performance (without the aid of a proper soundcheck) was really that good – fast, fluid and perfect lead guitar, rock hard drumming, heavy, solid bass and good vocals (in English). Thoroughly enjoyable stuff, and a likeable bunch of lunatics to boot. I'd like to see this band turn into something rather special.

So, a fine performance then for a band so 'new' and a good response from the maniac Dutch Metal fans – heads banged and words were mouthed throughout the set. In the future, Horizon intend to concentrate on more commercial sounding material on album, but want to retain the heavier rock sound live – much to the fore this evening because of the particular event. They say they don't want to be tagged as a 'Heavy Metal' band

Continues over

From page 43

AARDSCHOK

and that they produce "commercial hard rock – played heavy" (?!). Good luck to them.

After a respite of about half an hour, during which time the fans were treated to videos from the likes of Mötley Crüe, Judas Priest, Dio and Ozzy, **Savage** took the stage to enthusiastic cheers from the Clog Rockers . . .

DARREN CROOK

THIS WAS by far the best performance I've witnessed from the Mansfield quartet. Why they were so low on the bill must remain a mystery cos, judging by the audience's reaction, you would've thought they were headlining. Indeed, the locals seemed very familiar with Savage's repertoire.

For a band who've never played to more than pub-sized crowds, this event must have been both nail-chewing and mind-blowing at the same time – the sight of 8,000 loonies headbanging in unison was quite a sight, believe me!

Kicking off with the fast 'n' furious 'Let It Loose', they could do no wrong; even Chris Bradley's heavy cold wasn't gonna stop him having a good time. They looked a little jaded at first – this was probably due to the fact that they'd been driving through Europe all night without any sleep, only *just* making it to the show on time – but their confidence mounted as the crowd grew rowdier.

One of Tokyo Blade was kind enough to lend lead guitarist Andy Dawson an 'E' string at the beginning of 'On The Rocks', which was breathtakingly brilliant. How could they follow that? With a new one, of course, the catchy 'Keep It On Ice', which was immediately followed by my own personal Savage fave 'Stevie's Vengeance', a moody slice of commercial mayhem that set the crowd swaying. It was a Cup Final atmosphere, honest.

Chris Bradley then asked if there was "anyone from Germany in the house tonight?" and, you guessed it, 'Berlin' followed! Savage were supposed to play 11 numbers but time wasn't on their side, which meant they had to drop the klassic 'Cry Wolf' for the first time in their history. However, they still managed to bow out on a high note with 'Dirty Money', making it hard to understand why they haven't been snapped up by a major label as yet.

XAVIER RUSSELL

SAVAGE: "Their confidence mounted as the crowd grew rowdier"

WITHIN 40 minutes, **Tokyo Blade** were on stage, receiving a full-blooded, deafening roar from the sweaty minions below. The Blade have existed, in lesser forms, for about three years; they've recently signed to *Powerstation Records* and their debut album, 'Tokyo Blade', was released last November.

Best known for their single, 'If Heaven Is Hell', which received a good response when it was released last March, the band's line-up comprises Alan March (vocals), Andy Boulton (guitar), Steve Pierce (drums), Andy Wrighton (bass) and John Wiggins (ex-Lone Wolf, guitar). And so to the performance . . .

Crash, bang, slash, wallop, the band erupted into their first number, the title of which escaped me ears (as did most of them due to the not-so-quiet crowd and the not-so-crystal-clear PA) and 20 seconds later I found myself thinking their music was pretty good, fast, headbanging stuff with guitar soloing reminiscent of one Mr Edward Van Halen (the Dutch connection?). 20 minutes later, however, I found myself scribbling the words 'Iron Maiden' in my notebook.

Yes, you guessed it, let's all sound like early Maiden with squeaking guitar licks thrown in (well, that was my impression, anyway!). It wasn't that they were musically naff or anything – in fact, they can all cut it with a blunt sausage – it was just that a good half of their set was so damned hackneyed, with most of the songs sounding like rehashed versions of tracks from the first two Maiden albums. Bloody irritating, because the numbers that did sound original were really quite good, as are most of the tracks on the 'Tokyo Blade' LP.

In the final analysis, Tokyo Blade have got some thinking to do. It's my hope that they'll drop the Iron Maiden-sounding songs and treat the fans to something a bit more original, though the Dutch contingent seemed to enjoy what they heard and saw and chanted "We want more!" when the band finally left the stage, prompting them to come back for an encore.

I'm sorry, lads, but on tonight's performance I don't know why you will billed above Savage – they were leagues ahead in originality, even if they do need to polish their stage presence. Despite my reservations, however, the Dutch promoters have offered Blade an April tour and a headlining position at another Dutch Metal festival, so we'll see what happens . . .

DARREN CROOK

METALLICA: "Too much for humanity to absorb"

WELL, I must confess I was really looking forward to seeing wild boyzz, **Metallica**, in action again. The last time I saw them was about two years ago in their 'bar-band' days, when they completely blew me away at a 'Metal Monday' in San Francisco. They've come on a long way since then, having recently toured with Venom in Europe where, by all accounts, they went down a storm. Milan, in particular, they claim to be one of their best gigs ever. My guess is that Metallica will now quit America and settle in Europe – believe me, they're huge here.

The house-lights dimmed, the dry ice flowed onto the stage and 'The Good, The Bad And The Ugly' intro came blasting out of the PA, which had now sorted itself out, the earlier bands having suffered an excess of treble. Then some mug in a *Kerrang!* sweatshirt was dragged onstage and forced to say: "Headbangers from Holland, are you ready? All the way from San Francisco, the heaviest band in the world, METALLICA!" (I want copyright on all bootlegs from this show.)

Christ, the energy that goes into a Metallica show really is too much for humanity to absorb, though these Dutch headbangers managed to keep up with such klassics as 'Hit The Lights' and 'The Four Horsemen'. During the latter bass player Chris Burton got a bit carried away and started rotating his crop of hair like a Dutch windmill, a hilarious sight – *and* he still wears loon-pants! He looked like a 'Space Cadet', but that's his style, and he must have been in synch cos his bass solo, 'Pulling Teeth', was note-for-note perfect.

Guitarist James Hetfield, like Ted Nugent, has the gift of the gab; it sounded quite natural when he threw away such lines as: "Are you f**kin' nuts or what out there? Are you ready to raise some hell tonight?" This rap led us neatly into 'Jump In The Fire', the band's current single, which every home should have just for the live B-side.

Next up was 'Phantom Lord', a real thrasher; how drummer Lars Ulrich manages to stand the pace for 90 minutes is a closely guarded secret, but I can safely say he's without doubt the fastest sticksman around at the moment. The only new song of the night surfaced next in the form of 'Ride The Lightning' (also known as 'Ride The Viking'), an epic number dealing with the use of the electric chair in the States – you could feel the pain in Kirk Hammett's teasing riffs. Indeed, his axe solo spot was interesting, veering from the usual Metallica sound.

'Motorbreath', 'Seek And Destroy' and 'Whiplash' all whizzed by before a weird Dutch chant brought the band back for a well-deserved encore, a fine rendition of 'Metal Militia', complete with the hilarious 'Metal Up Your Ass' audience participation rap – a klassic show!

XAVIER RUSSELL

"**. . .** LADIES AND GENTLEMEN . . . welcome to hell . . . **VENOM**" was the chilling (gasp) introduction for the *Aardschok* headliners. Venom took the crowd by their reproductive organs and then proceeded to make a lot of noise for about an hour and a half. *Noise* being the key word, because there really isn't any other way to describe Venom's 'music' – wild, unharnessed, very fast, very loud guitar, horribly thunderous bass, breakneck epileptic drums and vocals; if you've ever heard somebody gargling with shattered glass while being strangled then you might just get the idea!

This bunch of Satanically-minded horrors (Venom, not Malcolm Dome – well, maybe) had kept mysteriously quiet while the other bands had carried out their strafing onstage but, once up there in front of the crowd, with explosions going off left, right and just about everywhere, they made Motorhead sound about as loud as a grasshopper fart – in fact, the first bomb to go off caused Peter Cronin's ear-plugs to fly unaided from his singed lug 'oles! (Where Venom are concerned, ear-plugs are a good idea if you're only a couple of feet from the amp stacks!)

The next noteworthy event was a chant started by Cronos which involved three little words: "Black f**kin' Metal", which the crowd eagerly took up. The band then played about six or seven numbers, each one sounding almost the same as the last, following these up with even more distortion and TOTAL NOISE, before actually playing some *music*! Amazingly, in the middle of all this Black Metal, they suddenly lapsed into some decent heavy (and of course evil) blues!

Well, you could have knocked me down with a feather! I actually enjoyed the group's sound for about two minutes, though after that they returned to making an unholy row and striking equally unholy stances, with Cronos (bass and rasps) lurching about the stage like he'd had a broken bottle shoved up his 'hour glass'! Then more noise until the next Cronos uttering. A question this time: I think it was "Yeuaargth? Yeaurggth? YEEUARUGTATH?!" To which the crowd replied "YEAH!". Me too.

As for the remainder of the set, suffice it to say that it was just as loud, just as Black and just as incomprehensible as the rest. Mantas made an incredible row using his axe which went on for quite a while, though this was fairly musical compared to the numbers that he, Cronos and drummer Abbadon had subjected the Venom-loving Dutchies to earlier.

After yet more set-closing noise, the crowd screamed for an encore and were treated to further manic, nasty sounds along with some truly disgusting screams from Cronos. The band then left the stage amid billowing dry-ice clouds and plumes of highly explosive smoke only to return once again ("No!" I cried, but they took no notice), to lay into a couple more numbers and ultimately the amps and Mantas' guitar, smashing both with gusto to the cheers of the adoring fans. Finally, having inflicted yet *more* brain-damaging noise, they at last put down their instruments and shouted at the crowd "Holland, we love you!"

Retiring to the safety of the nearest padded room, I managed to collect my wits and decide that I really don't like Venom. Alright, they put on a show but, after you've seen one number, you've seen it all. Noise for the sake of noise has never been something I've enjoyed, and noise, plenty of it too, is what Venom are all about.

The next morning we made our way back to Heathrow feeling not much the worse for wear and ready to take on the next Metal festival to present itself.

All in all, *Aardschok* was a damn good crack from where I was standing, even if a couple of the bands were a bit 'off'. I look forward to next year's blow-out with great enthusiasm.

DARREN CROOK

TOKYO BLADE: "Crash, bang, slash and wallop . . ."

VENOM's CRONOS: such an engaging smile

SINGLES

1	1	PUNCH & JUDY **Marillion** (EMI)
2	2	JUMP **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
3	–	WARHEAD **Venom** (Neat)
4	13	RUN RUNAWAY **Slade** (RCA)
5	6	ROCK YOU LIKE A HURRICANE **Scorpions** (Harvest)
6	–	HOLD BACK THE NIGHT **Aldo Nova** (Portrait)
7	4	EYES IN THE NIGHT (ARRIVE ALIVE) **Pallas** (Harvest)
8	–	SHOOTING SHARK **Blue Öyster Cult** (CBS)
9	5	LOVE IS A BATTLEFIELD **Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
10	16	BURNING IN THE HEAT **Girlschool** (Bronze)
11	3	BIRD OF PARADISE **Snowy White** (Towerbell)
12	–	1984 **Spirit** (Mercury)
13	–	PHOTOGRAPH **Def Leppard** (Vertigo)
14	8	SAILING TO AMERICA **Saxon** (Carrere)
15	–	ARE YOU READY **Samson** (Polydor)
16	11	DEFENDER **Manowar** (Music For Nations)
17	7	GIVE ME MORE TIME **Whitesnake** (Liberty)
18	9	FREEWHEEL BURNING **Judas Priest** (CBS)
19	12	HOLD ON TO LOVE **Gary Moore** (Ten)
20	28	MIDNIGHT PROMISES **Mama's Boys** (Spartan)
21	10	JUMP IN THE FIRE **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
22	20	BARK AT THE MOON **Ozzy Osbourne** (Epic)
23	14	IF I'D BEEN THE ONE **38 Special** (A&M)
24	15	FREEBIRD **Lynyrd Skynyrd** (MCA)
25	22	MY OH MY **Slade** (RCA)
26	17	MARGUERITA TIME **Status Quo** (Vertigo)
27	24	EAT THE RICH **Tysondog** (Neat)
28	18	RAZOR'S EDGE **Meat Loaf** (Epic)
29	21	METAL HEALTH/CUM ON FEEL THE NOIZE **Quiet Riot** (Epic)
30	23	A ZOO **Hawkwind** (Flicknife)

Compiled by MRIB

IMPORT ALBUMS

1 PENETRATOR **Ted Nugent** (Atlantic)
2 PRICELESS **Lisa Price** (Mirus)
3 BON JOVI **Bon Jovi** (Mercury)
4 PREPARE TO DIE **Slayer** (Rainforest)
5 SEE YOU IN HELL **Crossfire** (Mausoleum)
6 NO MERCY **Bullet** (Lark)
7 SHOW NO MERCY **Slayer** (Metal Blade/ Roadrunner)
8 COSMIC FANTASY **Alien** (Mongol Horde)
9 CLEVELAND METAL **Various** (Clubside)
10 THUNDERFIRE **Thunderfire** (Roadrunner)

Compiled by MRIB

PLAYLIST

Malcolm Dome
'ONCE BITTEN . . . TWICE SHY' Shy (Ebony)
'LIVE WITHOUT A NET' Angel (Casablanca)
'QUEEN OF SEDUCTION' Rough Cutt (demo)

Geoff Barton
'GREAT WHITE' Great White (EMI America)
'RUN RUNAWAY' Slade (RCA 45)
'UH-HUH' John Cougar Mellencamp (Riva)

Dante Bonutto
'BAD BOYS' Great White (track from 'Great White' on EMI America)
'UH-HUH' John Cougar Mellencamp (Riva)
'ONCE BITTEN . . . TWICE SHY' Shy (Ebony)

Dave Dickson
'ALCHEMY' Dire Straits (Phonogram)
'LOVE IS A BATTLEFIELD' Pat Benatar (Chrysalis 45)
'SHADOWS IN THE NIGHT' Bauhaus (Kace International video)

ALBUMS

1	—	VICTIMS OF THE FUTURE **Gary Moore** (Ten)
2	1	SLIDE IT IN **Whitesnake** (Liberty)
3	—	THE SENTINEL **Pallas** (Harvest)
4	—	HAIL TO ENGLAND **Manowar** (Music For Nations)
5	10	THE RODS LIVE **Rods** (Music For Nations)
6	2	1984 **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
7	—	LIVE & LET LIVE **Twelfth Night** (Music For Nations)
8	4	CRUSADER **Saxon** (Carrere)
9	7	PENETRATOR **Ted Nugent** (Atlantic)
10	6	MINI LP **Hellion** (Music For Nations)
11	3	DEFENDERS OF THE FAITH **Judas Priest** (CBS)
12	34	HEADING FOR A STORM **Vandenberg** (Atco)
13	8	FISTFUL OF METAL **Anthrax** (Music For Nations)
14	26	WHITE FLAMES **Snowy White** (Towerbell)
15	9	PYROMANIA **Def Leppard** (Vertigo)
16	—	HAWKWIND **Hawkwind** (Liberty)
17	15	ONCE BITTEN . . . TWICE SHY **Shy** (Ebony)
18	17	OUTSIDE THE LAW **Lloyd-Langton Group** (Flicknife)
19	25	SEE YOU IN HELL **Grim Reaper** (Ebony)
20	5	BALLS TO THE WALL **Accept** (Portrait)
21	—	PRICELESS **Lisa Price** (Mirus)
22	11	HOLY DIVER **Dio** (Vertigo)
23	20	ELIMINATOR **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
24	19	BON JOVI **Bon Jovi** (Mercury)
25	13	SUBJECT **Aldo Nova** (Portrait)
26	14	BARK AT THE MOON **Ozzy Osbourne** (Epic)
27	40	TOUR DE FORCE **38 Special** (A&M)
28	24	THE REVOLUTION BY NIGHT **Blue Öyster Cult** (CBS)
29	29	RAMPAGE **Rampage** (Fastlane)
30	21	MANIAC **Acid** (Megaton)
31	12	BACK TO BACK **Status Quo** (Vertigo)
32	16	SHOW NO MERCY **Slayer** (Metal Blade/ Roadrunner)
33	23	90125 **Yes** (Atco)
34	27	THE AMAZING KAMIKAZE SYNDROME **Slade** (RCA)
35	28	MELISSA **Mercyful Fate** (Music For Nations)
36	36	SEE YOU IN HELL **Crossfire** (Mausoleum)
37	37	NO MERCY **Bullet** (Lark)
38	—	PREPARE TO DIE **Slayer** (Rainforest)
39	18	METAL HEALTH **Quiet Riot** (Epic)
40	22	COURT IN THE ACT **Satan** (Neat)
41	35	LIFE **Thin Lizzy** (Vertigo)
42	—	LIVE AT THE MARQUEE **Stray** (Gull)
43	30	OBLIVION **Utopia** (Utopia)
44	31	MIDNIGHT MADNESS **Night Ranger** (MCA)
45	33	STAR FLEET PROJECT **Brian May & Friends** (EMI)
46	—	UNCHAINED **Thor** (Ultra Noise)
47	32	EARTHSHAKER **Earthshaker** (Music For Nations)
48	38	NO PAROLE FROM ROCK 'N' ROLL **Alcatrazz** (Rocshire)
49	39	WALK INTO LIGHT **Ian Anderson** (Chrysalis)
50	—	COSMIC FANTASY **Alien** (Ultra Noise)

Compiled by MRIB

Next issue: Roger Daltrey, Anthrax, Grim Reaper, Vandenberg, The Rods. Plus fantastic DNA competition!

KERRANG!

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LOCAL CHART

1 1984 **Van Halen** (Warner Bros)
2 SUBJECT **Aldo Nova** (Portrait)
3 90125 **Yes** (Atlantic)

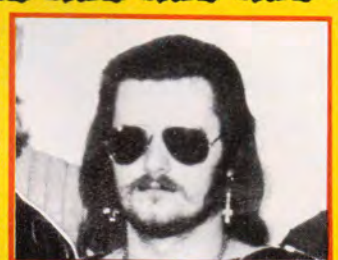
4 CRUSADER **Saxon** (Carrere)
5 NOW HEAR THIS **Hellanbach** (Neat)
6 THE REVOLUTION BY NIGHT **Blue Oyster Cult** (CBS)
7 ELIMINATOR **ZZ Top** (Warner Bros)
8 DEFENDERS OF THE FAITH **Judas Priest** (CBS)
9 HEADING FOR A STORM **Vandenberg** (Atco)
10 CANTERBURY **Diamond Head** (MCA)
11 HOLY DIVER **Dio** (Vertigo)

12 GENESIS **Genesis** (Charisma/Virgin)
13 LIFE **Thin Lizzy** (Vertigo)
14 BARK AT THE MOON **Ozzy Osbourne** (Epic)
15 SAMURAI **Grand Prix** (Chrysalis)
16 LICK IT UP **Kiss** (Vertigo)
17 PIECE OF MIND **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
18 MEAN STREAK **Y&T** (A&M)
19 LIVE **Head East** (A&M)
20 ALPHA **Asia** (Geffen)

Compiled by DJ Gaz North at the White Lion, Huddersfield, W.Yorks.

Anyone wishing to have their local chart/radio playlist published in *Kerrang!* should send a copy to: **Local chart/radio playlist, *Kerrang!*, 40 Long Acre, London WC2.**

Musos PLAYLIST



King Diamond (Mercyful Fate)

'BARK AT THE MOON' Ozzy Osbourne (Epic 45)
'FREEWHEEL BURNING' Judas Priest (CBS 45)
'BLACK WIDOW/DEVIL'S FOOD' Alice Cooper (tracks from the 'Welcome To My Nightmare' LP on Atlantic).

Jody Turner (Rock Goddess)

'BARK AT THE MOON' Ozzy Osbourne (Epic 45)
'JUMP' Van Halen (Warner Bros 45)
'LICK IT UP' Kiss (Vertigo)

KOMMENT

The get-it-off-your-chest kolumn

HAVE YOU ever wondered what it is that brings a particular band together with a particular producer to make an album? Sometimes things come about in the strangest of ways. It's a combination of being in the right place at the right time and of having previously made the kinds of records that appeal, not only to the record buyer, but also to the musicians concerned.

However, having said that, very occasionally this doesn't in fact apply and something really stupid or odd can bring about a successful partnership. Perhaps the most unusual example of this happening to me was with Spider, who decided they wanted me to work on their new album 'Rough Justice' on the strength of my HM tea-pot! When they saw this weird and wonderful object, a tea-pot covered with black leather and studs (a present from Anvil), they felt I was the only man for the job.

To change the subject slightly, I really feel I can't miss such an ideal opportunity to air a grievance that's been bothering me and no doubt many other people for a long time, i.e. the lack of airplay given to heavy rock in Britain. After all the work that goes in to making a record, you'd think dear ol' Auntie Beeb would condescend to play it. There just aren't enough rock radio programmes and it really gets my goat that the powers-that-be tend to treat heavy music as if it was some sort of disease. All I can say to that is this: there must be a helluva lot of contaminated people out there!

You could say that the one thing our septic colonial cousins have over us is that they've got some excellent radio stations. At least over in the States you can tune into some great rock music. This lack of radio play is probably one of the main reasons why so many bands 'sell out' in an effort to make a single with mass appeal. This enables them to carry on touring with lavish shows and keep their fans happy.

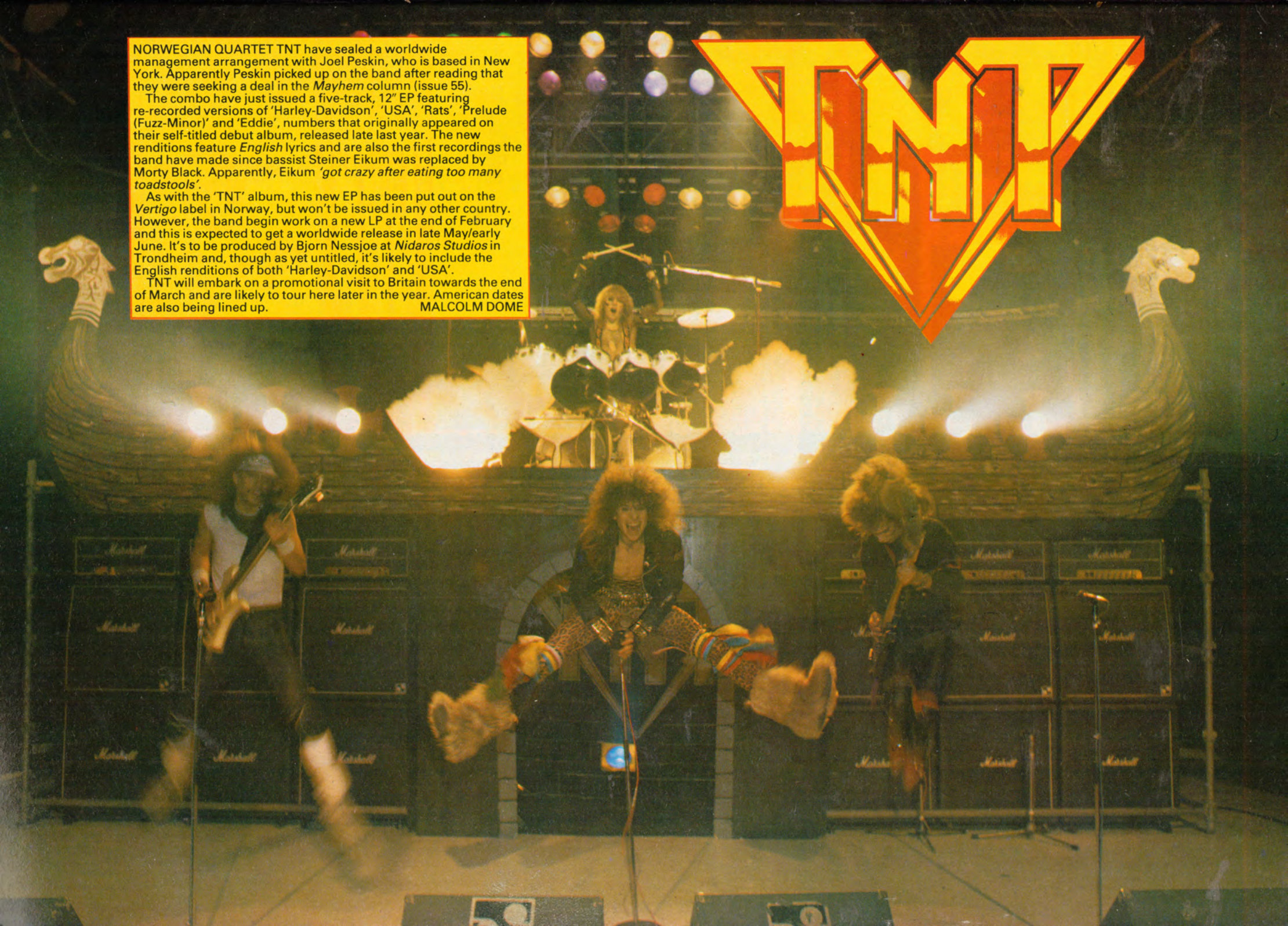
As everyone knows, Heavy Metal followers are the most loyal in the world, but sometimes I feel they should be a little more understanding and try to take these things into account before they condemn their favourite band for appearing to 'wimp out'.

Now I've got all that off my chest, all that remains is for me to leave you with the words of the great 'Mouth Of Metal', Dee 'Get Down Shep' Snider – "It's only rock 'n' roll!"

CHRIS TSANGARIDES

Pic Ray Palmer

GUMS FOR HIRE: CT and HoJo discover the real meaning behind the phrase 'metal for muthas' . . .



NORWEGIAN QUARTET TNT have sealed a worldwide management arrangement with Joel Peskin, who is based in New York. Apparently Peskin picked up on the band after reading that they were seeking a deal in the *Mayhem* column (issue 55).

The combo have just issued a five-track, 12" EP featuring re-recorded versions of 'Harley-Davidson', 'USA', 'Rats', 'Prelude (Fuzz-Minor)' and 'Eddie', numbers that originally appeared on their self-titled debut album, released late last year. The new renditions feature *English* lyrics and are also the first recordings the band have made since bassist Steiner Eikum was replaced by Morty Black. Apparently, Eikum *'got crazy after eating too many toadstools'*.

As with the 'TNT' album, this new EP has been put out on the *Vertigo* label in Norway, but won't be issued in any other country. However, the band begin work on a new LP at the end of February and this is expected to get a worldwide release in late May/early June. It's to be produced by Bjorn Nessjoe at *Nidaros Studios* in Trondheim and, though as yet untitled, it's likely to include the English renditions of both 'Harley-Davidson' and 'USA'.

TNT will embark on a promotional visit to Britain towards the end of March and are likely to tour here later in the year. American dates are also being lined up.

MALCOLM DOME